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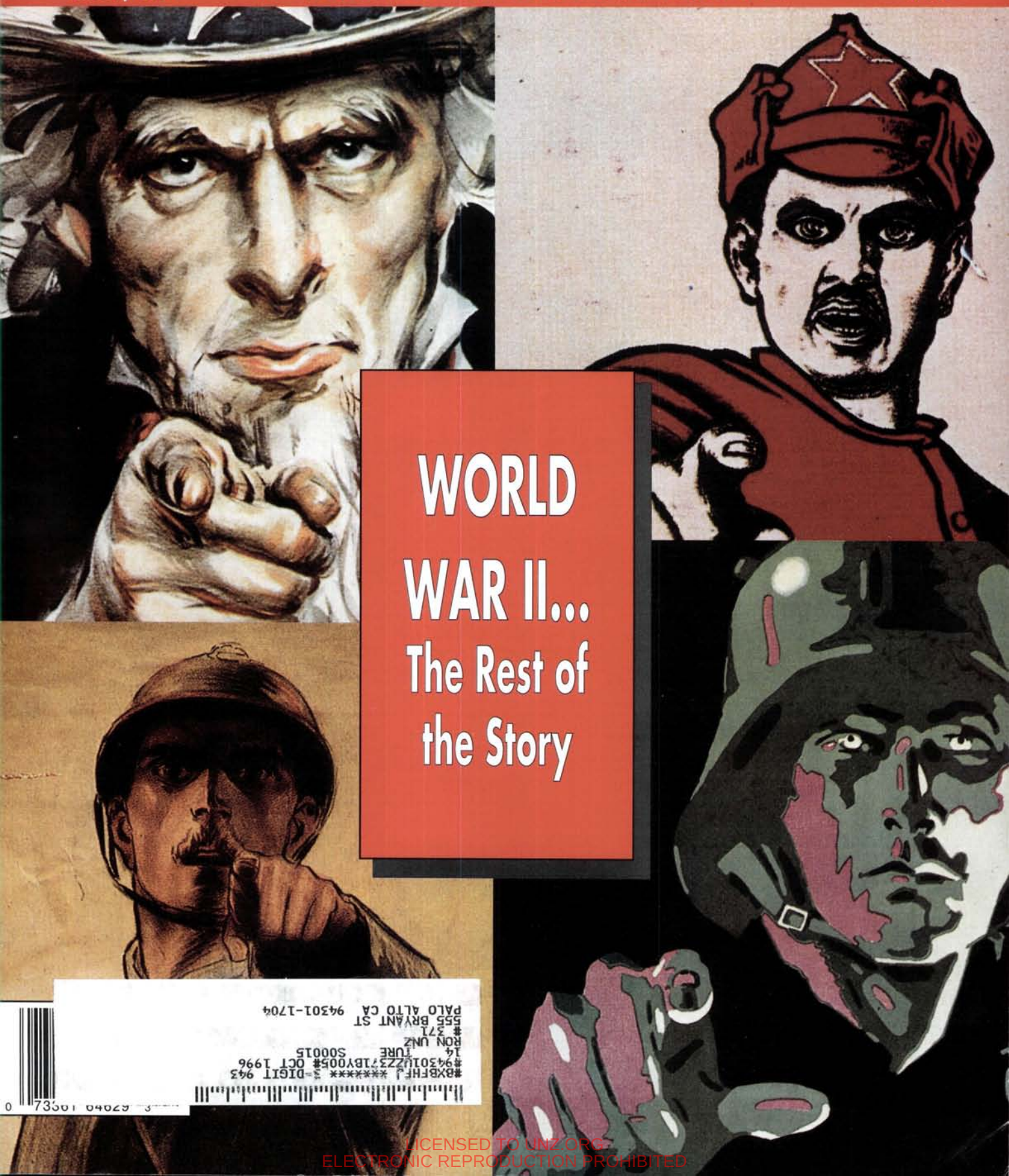

WORLD WAR II... The Rest of the Story

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Political Stirrings
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A Pennsylvania Group Works Hard to Get on the Ballot, Makes Headway at Polls
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What's Ne
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KMART PUT its Pay Less drug stores unit on the auction block and hopes to sell it for up to $1 billion, according to people familiar with the situation. Merrill Lynch is conducting the auction involving a handful of bidders. Kmart was said to be seeking buyers for the unit from both the retail industry and on Wall Street, including leveraged buyout specialists.
Clinton asserted in a televised speech that passage of his deficit-reduction bill is essential to the economy. But he still has work to do to close the deal with the House and Senate.
U.S. airlines are suspending service on some trans-Atlantic routes, a
European central banks seem
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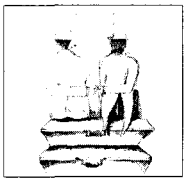
PERSPECTIVE



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On the Electoral Process

"The Impotent American Voter" by Richard Winger and some related essays in the November 1994 issue—such as Jeffrey Tucker's on the third-party option—are seriously wrong. I would hate to see *Chronicles* get a reputation for political kookiness based on a poor understanding of American politics.

Winger confuses political openness with openness to third parties. One of the reasons why third parties have fallen into marginality is that the two major parties are so permeable to significant new social forces. Their very organization, incorporated into state law, makes them highly vulnerable to new political impulses. Whether you are an environmentalist or a religious fundamentalist, getting a piece of the party action is relatively simple—perhaps too simple. You can offer your candidates in the primary, create a parallel organization, or run for party office. This happens all the time, and is responsible for both major parties being incoherent coalitions rather than European-style cadre parties with well-defined views. The "Golden Era" of American third parties was effectively destroyed by the primary system—why campaign as a Socialist in the winner-take-all system when you can capture the Democratic Party in the primary? The minor parties of old are now part of the major parties to the extent that they represent a significant electoral interest.

What Winger seems to be dreaming of is a system of multiparty proportional representation. This would, in short, be a disaster for America, producing a politics of passion and divisiveness. Forcing ideological differences into two parties does produce an inelegant mushiness, but there is much to recommend this "muddling along" in a nation with many deep political divisions. The left has long been interested in a multiparty system, given its infatuation with ideological purity, but why would *Chronicles*, with its distaste for "multiculturalism" and other group-based partitions of civic life, look so kindly on such a scheme?

—*Robert Weissberg*
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University of Illinois
Urbana, IL

Richard Winger Replies:

What I discussed in my article is a return to the U.S. ballot access laws of the 1910's and 1920's. I was not and am not advocating proportional representation.

During the 1910's, five parties were represented in Congress and in many state legislatures: Democrats, Republicans, Socialists, Progressives, and Prohibitionists. This *was* good for the country, because dissident political minorities felt that at least they had a spokesman in Congress and in state legislatures. Surely Professor Weissberg wouldn't argue that American politics during the 1910's were a "disaster."

The decline of third parties in the United States *was* caused by the start of primaries. However, the system isn't as open to that technique as he seems to think. State Democratic and Republican conventions, not primaries, choose nominees outright (if they wish) in Virginia; and no one may run in primaries without first gaining substantial support at a state party convention in Utah, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and South Dakota. This trend is strengthening. Last year the Hawaii State Supreme Court said that a party may prevent someone from running in its own primary if the major party leadership does not think the candidate is a bona fide supporter of the party. Courts in Alabama and Georgia have ruled that the Democratic Party may exclude Lyndon LaRouche supporters from Democratic primary ballots. The Supreme Court has consistently said that political parties have a First Amendment right to run their primaries as they see fit, and if the major parties choose to exclude outsiders, they can legally do so. And don't forget that when Pat Buchanan tried to run against President Bush in the 1992 Republican presidential primaries, he was kept off the ballot in New York, South Dakota, and Kentucky.

Jeffrey Tucker Replies:

Here is one "group-based partition" we need: between taxpayers and would-be taxeaters. The primary contribution of

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the two-party system has been to shatter that partition. Party leadership makes this possible by silencing opponents of the social democratic muddle.

Mr. Weissberg appears to recognize this, but he hasn't explained why it is a good thing. Every schoolboy knows that politics is the art of compromise; if true, Washington is the cultural center of the world. An older tradition said politics should seek higher ideals, like freedom, justice, and the common good. If it takes third parties to remind us of that, more political power to them.

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS were hailed as a great GOP victory long before the votes were cast, much less counted. For Mr. Clinton, the Republicans' victory came as a shock. The economy seems in good shape, employment figures are up, and even the Haitian fiasco turned out better than could have been expected. So what is the problem? And this is what none of Mr. Clinton's friends will tell him: the problem is you, Mr. President, you and that wife of yours and that set of Cabinet secretaries you promised would look like America but turned out to have been created by Todd Browning.

Between now and 1996, the President has only one option, if he wishes to seek reelection. First, he has to shake up his Cabinet and get rid of, at the very least, the more flagrant lesbians, the Don Juan being blackmailed by a former mistress, and the dwarf—Janet Reno is no Snow White and Robert Reich, for all his academic pretensions, is no Doc, unless you count honorary degrees. Second, and I think the President will have already reached this conclusion by himself, the First Lady has to be sent on an extended "good will" tour to check out the condition of tropical rain forests in Africa and Asia—South America may be too close. Finally, the President has to pull the plug on his own television coverage. This means no press conferences, no town meetings, no appearances on *America's Most Wanted*. Let him be filmed once a month, preferably in black and white, with a mountain of paper work on his desk, saying, "I'm sorry fellows, but Ross Perot was right. The United States is no chicken franchise; it's a big country, and I've got work to do."

Mr. Clinton is probably smart enough to figure out some of this, but he and his party are the captives of special interests that will not allow them to learn from their mistakes. The same is true of the GOP. What was at issue in the election? First there is the matter of the famous "Contract with America." Most Americans do not actually know what the contract's provisions are, but they do believe that it has something to do with cutting expenditures, reducing the deficit, and decreasing the federal government's power to work mischief. Other more interesting provisions include a $500 per child tax credit, a strengthening of parents' rights, and a restoration of national security by taking American troops out from under U.N. command.

Some of the terms of the contract are naive; others are stupid, but what matters is the underlying attitude: a restoration of American sovereignty in foreign affairs and within the country a recovery of the little sovereignties of home, community, and state. But even more important than this fundamental shift in emphasis is the odd idea that parties should keep their promises.

Apart from Bill Clinton and the Republican Contract, the biggest issue was immigration. Lawton Chiles stole the election from Jeb Bush by portraying himself as tough on immigration, and apparently 80 percent of Florida voters for whom immigration is important voted for Chiles. In California, Governor Pete Wilson—whom the experts had counted out long ago—tied his entire campaign to Proposition 187. In an act of incredible arrogance, Jack Kemp and William Bennett went all the way to California to campaign against the governor's campaign, and when both Wilson and Prop. 187 won handily, Kemp and Bennett were given their first taste of what life in the real United States is all about. Their reckless behavior was not only nasty, which is no news to their admirers, but stupid and politically naive. Score it *Chronicles* 2, Neocons 0. As I predicted a year ago, if Governor Wilson could be reelected on immigration reform, he would be positioned for a try at the White House.

The immigration issue is just one part of a populist agenda. Some of the diverse elements are: conservative Christians worried about abortion and homosexuality (Bennett and his former assistant Bill Kristol were also dead wrong on these issues), the Second Amendment, and the Tenth Amendment rebellion simmering in the West, primarily over federal resource policies and unfunded mandates. As *Human Events* pointed out, GOP candidates in Montana and Wyoming pledged "to fight Bruce Babbitt's restrictive land-use policies."

The Republicans do have a grand opportunity, and if they are willing to listen to Pete Wilson and Pat Buchanan and give up on their dream of an "Empower America" rainbow coalition, then they have a chance of establishing something like a new regime, which is what the Democrats did in the 30's and 40's under Roosevelt and Truman and again in the 60's under Kennedy and Johnson. But if they are deluded into thinking that the American people have fallen in love with the party of multinational business—the party that is gung-ho for GATT and the cultural enrichment provided by Third World immigrants—then they are in for as sober a disillusioning as Mr. Clinton received in November.

—*Thomas Fleming*

THE BALKANS WAR seemed to be coming to an end in mid-December as we went to press. Trying to sort through the lies, misinformation, and distortions for the fragments of truth in the international press requires the patience of an archeologist and the imagination of a poet, but some things seem fairly certain. For several months the United States had been stepping up its assistance to the Bosnian Muslims. According to reports in the European press, American military and CIA advisors were coordinating liaison between Muslims and Croats and training the Muslims in tactics and weaponry; they had

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already been giving intelligence and assistance with artillery spotting. More damning evidence surfaced recently of the United States supplying Chinese-made arms, including rocket-launchers. The headline in *The European* was blunt: "America Has 'Joined War' in Bosnia." The State Department denies *nearly* all the charges, but in the 1960's the United States also denied its role in Vietnam.

Things were looking bright for the Muslims, brighter than they had looked since the 1940's, when they helped to break up Yugoslavia and worked for the Nazis. Yugoslavia had been enforcing the blockade against their Serbian cousins with some effectiveness, although rumor has it that the Muslims were receiving weapons from NATO. They are certainly getting help from their Muslim friends throughout the world.

Emboldened by their NATO, particularly American allies, the Muslims decided it was time to end an apparent stalemate and to launch an invasion from their safe haven in Bihac. This was a risky move, since success could not only attract a Serb counterattack, but it also put Slobodan Milosevitch—the only man who can force the Bosnian Serbs to negotiate—in a difficult position. The Serbian president is, in fact, a moderate and under constant pressure from the nationalists in and out of government. The same pressures are being put on Boris Yeltsin by Russian nationalists, the Russian military, and the Russian Orthodox Church, to support their Slavic Orthodox brothers and assert traditional Russian hegemony in a strategic region.

Heedless of the consequences, the Muslims made their attack, and night after night the network anchormen gloated over their success. The story was always the same. On the screen comes the picture of a rocket and artillery barrage. "A familiar sight in Bosnia, but this time it is the Serbs who are on the receiving end." When some bright reporter thought to ask the Bosnian Serb commander, General Mladic, what his response would be to the Muslim advance, his laconic answer went: "If they want war, we'll give them war." A chilling statement from such a source.

It was easy to predict the international response. The Muslims reopen the war, and the Serbs are blamed for fighting back. NATO is given its first battle test in its almost 50-year history when the U.N. authorizes air strikes. The raids do little to slow the Serb advance, and then, mysteriously, on Friday, a strike is called off on account of weather. But the weather is consistently bad at this time of year in the Balkans, and the planes have electronic guidance systems. Stranger still, after the raid is called off, U.N. and NATO officials give interviews declaring the war over. The Serbs have won.

What gives? Until that point, the forces of the New World Order had been threatening fire and sword against any Serb who stood up against them. Either NATO is a tiger without teeth, or else something happened we are not hearing about. If it is a question of U.N. hostages, then giving in is absolutely the worst thing to do. Even they can't be that stupid. Unconfirmed sources have told us that NATO did not call off Friday's raid, that six planes were shot down, and that one of the pilots is in Bosnian Serb hands. Who knows?

Whatever forced NATO and the United States to back down, the result is the same. In this strategic crossroads of the world, for which Greeks and Gauls, Romans and Turks, Russians and Germans have spent their lives and treasures, the United States for almost nothing had won the hearts and minds of the dominant ethnic group. Down to the breakup of Yugoslavia, the Serbs were passionately pro-American. Now, because of the stupidity, greed, and corruption of the American leadership, we have forfeited that friendship and brought the Serbs and Russians back together. I do not know what George Bush, who got us into the Balkans War, would have done, but no one could have done worse than Bill Clinton, alternately bullying and backing down. If the American people have longer memories than I think they have, this total fiasco should mean the end of NATO, the end of the United Nations as a political and military force, and the end of America's post-Cold War policy of humanitarian violence.

—Thomas Fleming

WHEN THE ELECTION returns showed Republicans in charge of Congress and Washington, D.C.'s Marion Barry with an insurmountable lead in the race for mayor, there was only one thing to do: uncork the Jack Daniels and celebrate. Statehood for D.C. went down the tubes.

In electing Barry again, the city's seething underclass was thumbing its nose not only at the rest of the country but also at Congress, which holds the keys to the United States Treasury that Barry has become so accustomed to looting. The election was also the District's referendum on the criminal justice system, the archenemy of many voters who cast their ballots for Barry because the maximum-security jail at Lorton, Virginia, is home to more than a few of their relatives.

But Barry's election, predictable as it was, paralleled the results in Arlington, Virginia. Arlington, too, thumbed its nose at the rest of the country, not even a month after two carjackers murdered Meredith Miller, the young Floridian who worked for Representative Leslie Byrne (Virginia). Arlington's proximity to the district by car or taxi or the Metro, the District's heavily subsidized and money-losing subway, makes it a perfect target for Washington's professional criminals. In this case, the criminals shot Meredith to death in Crystal City, located in South Arlington just across the Potomac from Washington, D.C. A few hours later, the cops caught one suspect tooling around the District in Meredith's car, the gun sitting in plain view on the front passenger seat. Meredith's murder was just one of many crimes perpetrated in Arlington by residents of Washington, D.C., which is why Arlington's election results are as interesting as the District's.

Readers of the *Arlington Courier* are treated to news about crime in the paper's "Police Reports" and "Court Reports," which record the county's arrests, robberies, larcenies, vandalisms, vehicle tamperings, and sentencings. On November 4, four of eight sentencings listed in the *Courier*'s "Court Reports" showed a convict's address in the District. Indeed, in almost any given week, readers are bound to learn of at least one criminal from the District being sentenced in Arlington County's Circuit Court. The Commonwealth's attorney for Arlington puts the tally of crimes from Barry's subjects at 10 percent of the total.

And Barry has pledged even more. Just a week before the election, as the *Washington Post* reported, Barry, recognizing how many of his constituents have relatives in the slammer, promised inmates "more lenient parole laws . . . along with possible conjugal visits and

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'gate money' so that no prisoners are released . . . with empty pockets." All this wouldn't be so bad for Arlington if its elected officials understood that one of the government's more important functions is to protect the life and liberty of the citizens in its jurisdiction. But Arlington's officials don't care about Barry or the crimes his subjects commit under their noses.

After Meredith Miller's savage murder, the *Courier* published an editorial denouncing the District because its crime spills over into Arlington and suggesting that the race for mayor might more appropriately be called a race for zookeeper. The reaction? A member of the county's governing board canceled his subscription to the paper. The editorial, he wrote, implied "that our neighbors in the District of Columbia are less than human" and was "mean-spirited at best and racist at worst." The rest of the board probably thought so too, but simply didn't say as much. Yet their silence spoke volumes. When Meredith Miller was shot in the chest, Arlington's police chief said nothing. The chairman of the County Board said nothing. The board's vice chairman and even its lone Republican, supposedly some sort of conservative, were mute. Evidently, Arlington's ruling class won't criticize the District or its mayor, and it doesn't take a genius to figure out why. More than three-quarters of the District's residents are black.

Then, of course, there's the Crackhead-in-Chief himself. Arlington's muka-muks won't rebuke him, no matter how many of his criminals run the county's streets, for one simple reason. Like Barry and the residents of the District, Arlington's voters are principally Democrats. Indeed, while the rest of the American electorate went solidly Republican, hoping for a change from the acquisitive, corrupt socialists who ran Congress, Democrats in Arlington won the election hands down. Senator Chuck Robb needed more than 50 percent of Northern Virginia's vote to defeat Oliver North. Arlington voters gave Robb 66 percent of the vote. A hard-nosed school reformer went down to defeat at the hands of Arlington's Democratic majority, which preferred a longtime school bureaucrat. And the incumbent chairman of the County Board defeated a Republican who advocated eliminating the personal property tax on automobiles. Yet the vice-chairman of Arlington's board thought Arlington's vote for the Democratic Party showed it was an "island of sanity in a world gone mad."

Actually, it's a sign that Arlington's residents care as much about crime and other issues that inspired the American electorate's anti-Democratic revolt as their governing board, and that Arlington County has been absorbed by the federal city. Its entire economy depends on its proximity to Uncle Sam. No wonder Arlington thumbed its nose at the rest of the country, just like Washington, D.C. Like the District, Arlington is no longer part of the real America, which brings us back to the dark irony of Meredith Miller's murder. Young Meredith might still be alive in the real America, but she died thanks to a judge in the District. The judge in question loosed a man later arrested as a suspect in the murder, Anthony Higgins, after Higgins wrote him a letter. "Sir, I have learned my lesson and I know [*sic*] longer wish to be a victim of society," Higgins pleaded.

When Mr. Barry promulgates his new parole program and his pals at Lorton head back home to see the folks, one wonders how many will stop in Arlington for a shooting or two and whether anyone in Arlington will even care.

—*R. Cort Kirkwood*

SUSAN SMITH, confessed murderess of her own children, tells us a great deal about what is going on in a society where too many children growing up in broken homes are exposed to violence and even murder.

What kind of mother would kill her own children? According to the press, the case of Susan Smith is horrible but "not unusual." Obviously, such murders are statistically very unusual, and they are usually committed by women who are mentally defective and morally degraded. Nonetheless, the press continues to describe Mrs. Smith as "one of us," a woman subject to a temptation we all face.

Because Smith laid down the red herring of a black abductor in order to mislead the police, a ruse that was exposed in a few days but which gave the press the opportunity to concentrate on the issue of racism, the Smith murders have been compared with the O.J. Simpson trial, but the really relevant parallel is Paul J. Hill, the Florida pro-life activist who shot and killed an abortionist and his bodyguard and wounded the bodyguard's wife. Forbidden to pursue a defense of justifiable homicide, Hill has been convicted of murder and sentenced to death.

Both the Smith and Hill cases have aroused public anger, but the obvious connection has escaped the pundits' attention. Hill dramatized through illegal violence his outrage at a greater violence: the routinization of baby-killing, instituted by doctors who violate the Hippocratic oath, in the name of "women's right to choose." In the name of science, we now have fetal tissue research and more recently an establishment-certified push for human embryo research. Dr. Frankenstein no longer hides in the basement—he is government-funded.

But the Smith case is even more revealing of the truth we don't want to face, that it is women, not doctors, who are ultimately responsible for millions of abortions. This logic suggests that perhaps Hill should have adjusted his aim. Smith's snuffing of her children's lives should be viewed as a double retroactive abortion, though it was technically a double murder. She merely offed those kids in the wrong trimester—a distinction of degree, but not of kind. They were in the way. Raising children is hard. She felt bad. She may even have suffered premenstrual tension, which I am sure will be taken into consideration. We will hear about her feelings, and her feelings about her feelings as well.

I am waiting for the call from Gloria Steinem, from Anna Quindlen, from Ellen Goodman, and from Senator Kennedy, for justice for Susan Smith. Surely they have the courage of their convictions. Susan Smith, more than "Jane Roe," embodies not what we want to be, but what we are: a nation where the crematoria burn brightly, where there is justice based on constitutional principles, where pregnancy and even childbirth can be adjusted to "choice." After all, this is a democracy. We don't live in the Middle Ages, thank goodness. We don't believe in Joan of Arc, but we have our heroines. Somewhere—in Boston or New York or Los Angeles, but not in Union, South Carolina—there should be a statue of our anti-saint, Susan Smith.

—*J.O. Tate*

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by Samuel Francis

Racial Politics

Whatever the new Republican majority does with the immense congressional power it seized in last November's elections, it will probably be unimportant compared to the force that started to emerge in the same elections and which the national leadership of the Republican Party, and even more the Democratic Party, tried to ignore, denounce, and destroy. The emergence of the Republican majority, of course, is important in terms of the conventional politics of the nation. Not only has it converted the remaining tenure of the Clinton administration into a two-year-long sequel to *Night of the Living Dead*, this time with the zombies lurching around in the Oval Office, but it also represents the end of the New Deal electoral coalition and a great leap forward in the political consciousness of the Middle American Revolution.

By themselves those two developments are enough to make the elections of 1994 a major event in American history. But the end of the coalition that formed the electoral foundation of 20th-century liberalism does not necessarily mean that a genuinely antiliberal coalition has permanently crystallized, nor does the Republican victory mean that the Republicans are authentic or adequate leaders of the revolution from which they have gained at least temporary congressional dominance.

Since its inception in the 19th century, the Republican Party has been wedded to the myth of Economic Man, which holds that the desire for material gain is the principal if not the only muscle that throbs in the human breast and that therefore all historical events can be explained in terms of economic motivation. Most Republicans are probably unaware that they share this myth with unemployed Russian Marxists and too-long-employed American professors, but the persistence of the myth in what passes for the Republican mind is evident in last year's "Contract with America," with all its budget-balancing, tax-cutting, welfare-reforming, economic-incentive proposals. It remains to be seen how many of the contract's actual promises the Republican leadership was serious about, how much the leadership and the party will be able or willing to enact, and how much is even possible to implement, given what seem to be some glaring contradictions. But even if all of the contract sails through Congress, escapes the ignominious fate of a veto from the nation's First Zombie, and latches itself onto the American way of life as firmly as sitcoms and Social Security, it will do little to fill the tank of what is now rapidly becoming the principal motor of the Middle American Revolution.

That motor, the force that the established leadership of both parties sought to stop, is, in a word, race, and it is evident in the controversy over the most controversial issue in the November elections, California's Proposition 187. That proposition was far more controversial than Ollie North or the role of the religious right, and unlike them, it will remain with us, shaping the practical politics and the impractical political conversation of the nation, for decades to come.

Originally, Proposition 187 was merely a proposal to prohibit illegal aliens from obtaining public services, mainly welfare, public education, and nonemergency public health care. The racial note was introduced near the end of the campaign, by the thousands of Hispanics waving Mexican flags, who occupied public buildings, screamed at policemen and anyone else who attracted their attention, and threatened to burn down the cities and the state if Americans dared vote contrary to their passions. On at least one occasion, they beat up an elderly American who had the courage to sport the American flag in expressing his support of 187. The man was luckier than the flag he bore, which the mob burned. These were clear expressions of a militant nonwhite and anti-American racial consciousness, which the press invariably described as "peaceful." Just to show how peaceful they were, the National Guard and the Los Angeles Police Department were placed on full alert in the event that 187 actually passed.

In the event, of course, 187 passed by 59 percent to 41 percent, but it is in the ethnic and racial breakdown of the vote that the meaning of the proposition for the emergence of racial consciousness is most evident. From exit polls conducted by the *Los Angeles Times* during the voting, it appears that 63 percent of white Californians supported 187, while 53 percent of blacks, 53 percent of Asians, and a whopping 77 percent of Hispanics opposed it. The racial division is obvious: nonwhites voted together in opposing a measure that was portrayed by its foes as racially driven, while whites, who still make up 81 percent of the California electorate, supported it by a landslide margin. The racial division is evident also in the breakdown of the national vote, in which 63 percent of white men supported the Republicans. As Thomas Edsall wrote in the *Washington Post* shortly after the election, the mass defection of white males to the GOP "violates a core concept at the heart of the Democratic Party as the party of working people. White men are those experiencing the largest wage declines, the brunt of defense cutbacks and the dramatic attenuation of corporate loyalty."

The racial meaning of the vote is hardly surprising. For years now, politically organized nonwhite minorities in the United States have openly boasted of their ethnic consciousness, developed nationally powerful lobby groups to represent their interests, and have effectively legitimized the belief that it is their right to think, feel, vote, and behave according to their racial identity while delegitimizing the same belief for whites. Many, perhaps most, whites have permitted this development and even encouraged it, though some more aggressively than others. But what the vote for 187 tells us about whites is that they are now starting to vote for their own interests as a group, in opposition to the interests of other groups. If that trend continues, and there is every reason to believe it will, what will logically follow is the emergence of an overtly racial politics in the United States of a kind that we have not seen before.

Of course, not all whites supported 187, and most prominent among those who attacked it were presidential perennial Jack Kemp and Bill "Mr. Virtue"

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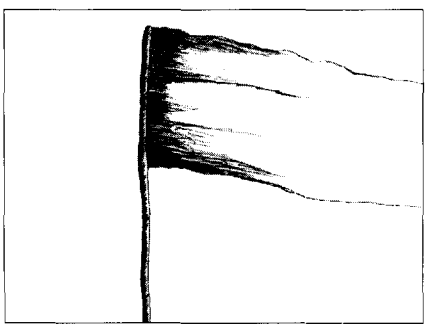
Bennett himself. The two neoconservatives hastened to California to harangue the masses with their insight that "the American national identity is not based on ethnicity, or race, or national origin, or religion. The American national identity is based on a creed, on a set of principles and ideas." Of course, that is a common view of the American identity, one that has been repeatedly expressed throughout our history, but there are at least two problems with it. In the first place, it happens to be untrue. In the second place, it happens to be dangerous and even suicidal.

It is untrue because the major fact about American national identity is that it is an identity created by British settlers and later European immigrants and therefore is almost exclusively the achievement of white Europeans. Whatever pleasantries of universalism may turn up in the patriotic oratory and public documents of American history, no one can claim that the American identity is really the watery abstraction the Kemp-Bennett statement purports it to be. Behind those pleasantries lie the concrete identity, experience, and aspirations of a homogeneous people "of a common blood," as Jefferson put it in his draft of the Declaration of Independence, and to reduce that essentially racial as well as cultural heritage to the bloodless "principles and ideas" that Kemp and Bennett tout is not only a confession of the most dismal ignorance but also a trumpeting of the most brazen betrayal.

Moreover, the Kemp-Bennett claim is dangerous because it fundamentally misrepresents the nature of a nation or of any collective political identity other than a debating society. If indeed being an American were "based on a creed, on a set of principles and ideas," then any person in the world who adhered to that creed would be an American. That might be fine with the open borders crowd whom the Kemp-Bennett statement was designed to please, but it also means that any person who does not adhere to the creed is not an American, and in asserting the creedal identity of the United States, the Kemp-Bennett statement comes close to formulating the grounds of a new totalitarianism. The Soviet Union was "based on a creed," and Russians who dissented from the creed were punished severely. How else could a state defining itself through a creed cohere? So far from opening the national gates to anyone who wants to come here, defining American national identity in terms of a creed actually guarantees a closed and perhaps brutally repressive regime and implies nothing whatsoever about what kind of welcome we might give to immigrants.

In the first place, if you believe in the creed, you can be a perfectly good American in the slums of Buenos Aires or the jungles of Rwanda, just as you can be a perfectly good Christian or a perfectly good libertarian or a perfectly good communist, and there is no reason at all for you to come here or go anywhere. In the second place, if adhering to the creed is what makes you an American, then why not give creed tests to all immigrants, or indeed to native Americans, and if they do not subscribe to the Gospel according to Jack and Bill, why not round 'em up and send 'em back? No one knows what any of the immigrants to this country, legal or illegal, past or present, believe or have believed, and there is no reason for anyone to be examined or tested as to what he believes before being admitted. The creedal basis of national identity that Kemp and Bennett blather about may sound both high-minded and broad-minded, but upon examination, it (like so much else of what they have to say) turns out to be false and, if it were taken any more seriously than most of the slogans and bumper-stickers that pass for high political theory among neoconservatives, it could serve as the basis of a far more restrictive regime than any nativist has ever conceived.

Despite the defection of white neoconservatives and the left, the emergence of an overtly racial politics among whites in the vote for 187 suggests that in the future, race will become a significant element in what it means to be an American, and that is hardly unprecedented. As the late M.E. Bradford pointed out in an essay on immigration, the very first congressional naturalization statute in 1790 restricted American citizenship to "any alien, being a free white person," and Bradford commented that "all of the Framers clearly expected that it would be Europeans who presented themselves for 'membership' here." Stephen Douglas, in his opening shot in the Lincoln-Douglas debates, said to the cheers of his Illinois audience that "I believe this government was made on the white basis. I believe it was made by white men for the benefit of white men and their posterity forever, and I am in favor of confining the citizenship to white men—men of European birth and European descent, instead of conferring it upon Negroes and Indians, and other inferior races." Douglas, of course, won the election, though his opponent did all he could to persuade the voters that he did not disagree on such points. As late as 1965, the federal immigration code restricted immigration on the basis of "national origin" (largely a circumlocution for race), and the repeal of the law was possible only because supporters of repeal denied it would alter the ethnic and racial composition of the nation.



The vote for Proposition 187 goes far to relegitimize the racial aspect of the American national identity, and the overwhelming white support for the measure suggests that an overt racial identity is now emerging as part of Middle American political and cultural consciousness. If other races and ethnic groups identify themselves and act in terms of their own racial identities, it should hardly surprise them and their white allies that whites themselves sooner or later will also begin to do so. But the larger meaning of the emergence of racial politics in America is that it directly challenges the myth of Economic Man in which both the left and the right cloak themselves. Their own allegiance to that myth is the real reason why Kemp and Bennett denounced 187 so bitterly and why the Republican Party as a whole finds immigration such a difficult issue. The emergence of racial politics means that there is something besides material gain that drives human beings, and those who adhere to the mythology of Economic Man have no room for that something in their worldview. As racial consciousness begins to mature among white Americans as it has among nonwhites, Economic Man and those elites that work for him are likely to find themselves in the ranks of the permanently unemployed. ◦c

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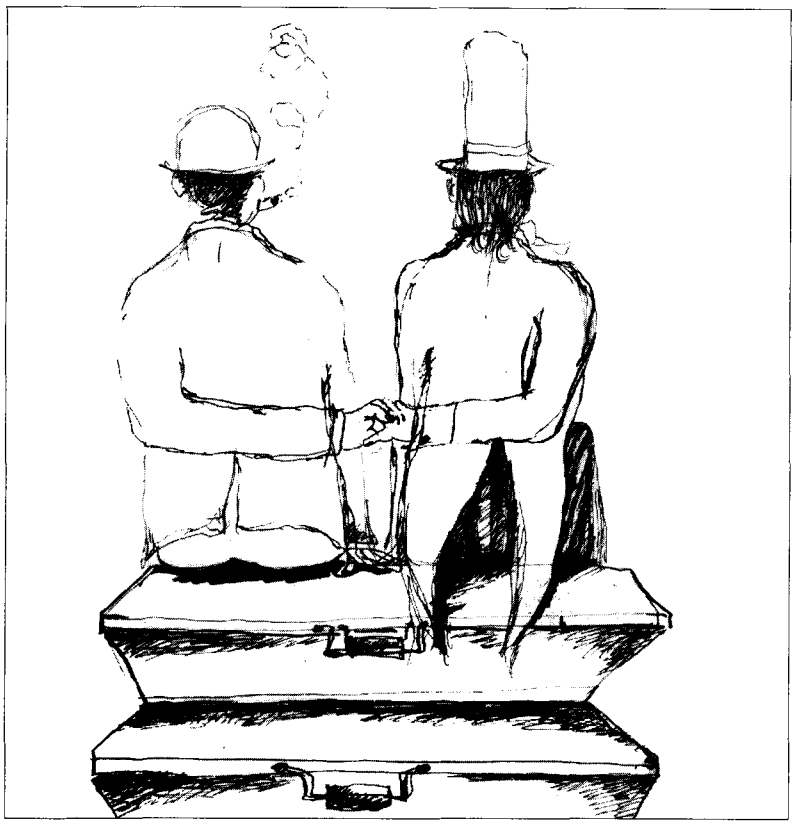

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Allied Crimes Against Humanity

by Anthony Harrigan

The book cannot be closed on World War II until the American and British people know the full story of the crimes their governments committed against anticommunist Russians, Yugoslavs, and others who desperately wanted to avoid Soviet terror and who, nevertheless, were turned over to Stalin's killer squads—all in violation of American and British traditions and international law. This dark chapter in the history of the two great democracies must be acknowledged now, 50 years after the hideous events.

For five decades, the cruelties committed against White Russians and other anticommunists have been largely concealed from public view on both sides of the Atlantic. For Americans who are justly proud of the accomplishments of their men at arms, it is appalling to discover that on the orders of the highest officials of the wartime government, terrible cruelties were committed on American soil and abroad in an effort to appease Stalin and his tyrannical communist regime. Much of the horrifying story has remained hidden as a result of the confidential classification placed on the story. The same situation prevails in Great Britain.

Two writers, Julius Epstein in America and Count Nikolai Tolstoy in Britain, have done heroic work in lifting the curtain of official secrecy, though much more remains to be disclosed. Epstein, for many years a scholar at the Hoover Institution, revealed the dark stain on American honor in his pioneering book *Operation Keelhaul*, published in 1973. Unfortunately, there has been little investigative follow-up in the years since then. An exception to the silence in the United States is the first-rate study by Mark R. Elliott, *Pawns of Yalta: Soviet Refugees and America's Role in Their Repatriation* (1982). On the first page of his book, Mr. Epstein explains: "Operation Keelhaul is the code designation the U.S. Army gave to its own—Top Secret—documentary record of the forced repatriation of at least two million prisoners of war and displaced persons to Stalin's hangmen and slave labor camps."

The reality of this vast operation has never been understood by the American people. It was cloaked in secrecy when it began in 1944—even before the Yalta Agreement—and remains largely unknown today. It was not mentioned at all at the celebrations marking the 50th anniversary of D-Day. This is understandable, for the facts were hidden from historians and journalists as well as ordinary citizens. The same cover-up has taken place in Great Britain. Indeed, Count Tolstoy believes

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that the cover-up has been much worse in Britain because of the absence of a Freedom of Information Act and the use of libel laws to silence historians and journalists seeking to expose the savage treatment of women and children by British forces. The enormity of Operation Keelhaul is staggering; it is astounding that American officials authorized it.

The Geneva Convention of 1929 clearly implied that prisoners of war were not to be repatriated against their will. The Hague Convention of 1907, to which the United States was a signatory, forbade the abuse of surrendered soldiers. In addition, there is the long American tradition of political asylum for victims or potential victims of tyrannical regimes. Despite all this, the United States began forcibly repatriating Soviet prisoners in 1944. On September 17, the Roosevelt administration issued a directive, Joint Chiefs of Staff order 1067, which notified General Dwight Eisenhower that Soviet citizens would be repatriated regardless of their individual wishes.

Implemented between 1944 and 1947, this policy resulted in the return to the Soviet Union of at least two million unwilling and terrified people, that is "to jail, slave labor camps, ruthless persecution, and death," notes Epstein. The perpetrators of this crime "were not the Nazis, nor the communists, but the military authorities of the Western allies." Operation Keelhaul served only the interests of Josef Stalin and world communism. In October 1944, acting Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius told Soviet Ambassador Gromyko that the War Department had issued instructions that prisoners be turned over as the Soviets demanded. Incidentally, the United States continued to drop leaflets that promised humane treatment for all who surrendered.

Operation Keelhaul had nothing to do with humane treatment. Epstein discloses that Soviet representatives "were admitted to POW camps (in both the U.S. and Europe), picked their own victims, and British and American authorities accepted their choices." Those who were repatriated were handled with the most appalling brutality. American soldiers who were forced to take part in the handover have described the horrors of the action. The prisoners sought by the Soviets were beaten and loaded on cattle cars in Europe and herded onto Soviet ships in American ports.

Bertram Wolfe, another Hoover Institution scholar, recalls "the deportation . . . of refugees who had reached the apparent safety of our Fort Dix and our city of Seattle. In Seattle Harbor we watch American soldiers, some of them weeping, dumping Russian bodies into trucks, subduing them with blackjacks and bayonets, fishing them up when they leap into the water, dumping them on a Soviet ship." Those at Fort Dix who resisted were beaten, gassed, and drugged so that they could be loaded on a Soviet ship for dispatch to Stalin's hangmen.

How could this happen in America at the hands of Americans? It is important to understand the atmosphere of those days. The same year Operation Keelhaul commenced, Vice President Henry Wallace toured Siberia, where the prison camps were located. He sent a telegram to Stalin, praising the bloody dictator for his administration of the region. According to Arnold Beichman of the Hoover Institution, Wallace "described Magadan [one of the more notorious Gulags] as a combination TVA and Hudson's Bay Company." "Wallace had thrown in his political lot with the communist *apparat* which operated successfully in Washington, D.C. throughout the war—Alger Hiss, Lauchlin Currie," and others.

There were powerful forces at the highest level of the Roosevelt administration who were bent on carrying out Stalin's wishes. Alger Hiss was at Roosevelt's right hand during the President's Yalta conference with Stalin. The desire to appease the dictator colored American policy and made possible these violations of American tradition. To this day, these influences and the horrors that resulted from them remain outside the consciousness of the American people. The chief appeasers remain nameless, their evil deeds locked away in vaults marked "Top Secret"—hidden from the American people.

At the same time, similar ugly events were unfolding in territory under British control. These events were documented for the first time by Count Tolstoy in his books *Victims of Yalta* and *The Minister and the Massacres*. A distinguished British historian and man of letters and a descendant of one of Russia's most famous families, Tolstoy described the turnover to the Soviets in May 1945 of tens of thousands of Cossack men, women, and children who had never been Soviet citizens. As soon as they were turned over in a brutal roundup, some were machine-gunned by the Soviets. Those who escaped immediate execution died en route to or in the forced labor camps in Siberia. This operation was carried out as the result of a verbal directive issued by Harold Macmillan, British Resident Minister in the Mediterranean and later Prime Minister and head of the Conservative Party. His agents were General Sir Charles Keightley and Brigadier Toby Low, whom Macmillan later made Lord Aldington.

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Ironically, the turnover violated orders issued by Winston Churchill and Field Marshal Alexander. Keightley and his staff tricked Cossack officers into believing they were to be provided safe haven in Italy. Scores of thousands of Yugoslavs were similarly dispatched to Tito, also on Macmillan's secret and unauthorized orders, and suffered torture and mass slaughter. Keightley and Low deliberately disobeyed Field Marshal

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Alexander's orders to screen the thousands of White (non-Soviet) Russians and not to use force to compel Russians to return to the Soviet Union. Tolstoy published the details of these crimes in his monumental work of scholarship, retrieving the facts from obscurity and secrecy. He overcame all sorts of hindrances to his research, including the removal of documents from archives. The moment Lord Aldington filed his libel writ against Tolstoy in 1987, both the British Foreign Office and the Ministry of Defense withdrew from public access files revealing that Field Marshal Alexander and General Eisenhower arranged to evacuate the Cossacks to Germany and that it was this move that Aldington and his colleagues prevented. The foreign secretary who ordered the withdrawal on Aldington's behalf was Sir Geoffrey Howe, who went to the same school as Aldington and who sat on the Board of Sun Alliance when Aldington was company chairman.

For his efforts to discover the ugly truth, Tolstoy has been persecuted by the British establishment. In 1989, a court tried to silence him with the largest libel verdict in British history—1.5 million pounds. The trial judge told the jury that Tolstoy was a "fanatic" and a "self-styled historian," though Tolstoy is renowned in Britain and abroad for his historical and literary work. Eyewitnesses, both British and foreign, were denied an opportunity to testify, though many had traveled from around the world to reveal the atrocities committed by the British V Corps and to explain who bore direct responsibility for the crimes. Efforts continue in Britain to seize Tolstoy's library of documents on the crimes. His book has been withdrawn from circulation. Libraries have removed it from their shelves. And as Britain lacks a First Amendment, the British press has no means of exploring the events and the ongoing actions against Count Tolstoy. The establishment is determined to prevent the world from knowing that a future British Prime Minister and his minions were responsible for war crimes.

In Operation Keelhaul, the victims were former prisoners of war. In the British case, they included thousands of elderly men, women, and children who were beaten by British troops and forced into railway cars in the manner of Jews shipped to Auschwitz by the Nazis. The scenes were appalling. In 1990, the BBC, in a rare report on the crimes, cited cases of extreme cruelty in the roundup of White Russians: "There was an old man and he was on his knees. The British were hitting him on the head methodically, and the tears were mixing with the blood." The BBC also reported a case of soldiers turning a flamethrower on a Cossack who had resisted. A number of White Russians, who realized the fate awaiting them, jumped to their death from a high footbridge, many with babies in their arms.

Major "Rusty" Davie, a young Welshman assigned to the roundup, reported that platoons of soldiers battered their way into the densely packed White Russians who fiercely resisted because, as Tolstoy points out, many "had experience of the death camps of the Gulag or the torture cells of the NKVD." Davie said that "those who suffered most were the young children. Children were torn from their mothers and thrown into trucks."

Many British soldiers were shocked and horrified by the brutal task assigned to them. The medical officer of one battalion reported that the second in command was "openly weeping." A chaplain reported that soldiers came to him later in agony saying "they could not believe that this is what they had been fighting the war for." And remember, these atrocities were committed as a result of orders issued by Macmillan, General Keightley, and Brigadier Low. The image of the elegant, suave Macmillan is blood-stained for all time.

The chronology of this war crime is fascinating. On May 11 the Soviet NKVD General Vsevolod Nikolaevich Merkulov demanded that General Keightley hand over all Cossacks. *Three days later,* Macmillan flew to Austria and issued the verbal directive to Keightley for the forced transfer—against all standing orders and Churchill's clearly stated policy. According to Count Tolstoy, there are "positive indications that SMERSH was deeply involved in the British side of the repatriations, and links between the British organizers of the covert operation and the Soviet security forces went beyond mere illicit compliance with an official request." General Keightley took the extraordinary step of allowing SMERSH officers to accompany British patrols searching for fugitive Cossacks. They were even granted license to shoot or beat Cossacks on British-controlled territory.

At the same time, Brigadier Low issued orders for the forced return of Yugoslav prisoners to Tito. Macmillan, Tolstoy says, made this parallel recommendation. In other words, Macmillan enabled Stalin and Tito to get their way. In doing so, he hoodwinked his own Prime Minister and top British and Allied military leaders. Tolstoy goes no further than to say that "Macmillan's motive remains tantalizingly mysterious." But American commentators, who have greater freedom, may want to go further. For Macmillan to flout Allied policy in order to oblige the illicit demands of SMERSH raises the darkest suspicions. What is one to make of this covert operation carried out within days of the SMERSH demand?

The handover of Yugoslavs is equally horrifying. Ariana Delianach, a White Russian, was at the Viktring camp when 3,000 Slovenes were forcibly transferred to the Titoists. She described how many wounded, "their limbs amputated or in plaster, many blinded, were shoved roughly into trucks." She told of a blinded Slovene: "Two English soldiers picked him up and tossed him head over heels into a truck. A prolonged scream of agony pierced the air." The British also lied to the Yugoslavs about where they were going. Nigel Nicholson testified in court in 1989: "We had to lie to these people . . . not just once but twice a day for ten days. In my view, this was the most shameful episode in the history of the British army." The British officers involved knew perfectly well that they were luring their charges to their deaths.

The British troops drove the Yugoslavs into the boxcars of waiting trains. When the cars reached the Yugoslav lines, the Titoists gathered a mob to beat and stone the prisoners. On reaching Kocevje, their hands were bound with barbed wire. As they were moved by truck, the prisoners were slashed with knives and some had their eyes gouged out. They heard machine guns and terrible screaming accompanied by raucous laughter. When they reached their destination, the prisoners were lined up, shot, and their bodies tossed into a huge pit.

For years, Count Tolstoy was handicapped in his researches by the British authorities' unwillingness to make all the archival sources available and by the curtain of secrecy draped over this covert operation. Today, however, the situation has changed with respect to the Russians. Russian authorities have opened long-secret state archives and given Tolstoy every assistance in his researches. General Golkogonev, who is in charge of all Russian archives, asked Tolstoy: "How is it that British officialdom

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doesn't understand what everyone in Russia knows to be true?" Official Soviet war diaries were made available to Count Tolstoy, documents which show the full extent of the collaboration of British V Corps negotiators with SMERSH. Most importantly, Tolstoy has a videotape of an interview with Captain Soloviev, the former SMERSH officer who conducted the secret negotiations with the British V Corps. In it Soloviev claims that the plan for the turnover was first suggested to him by his British opposite number, the late Lt. Colonel Ralph Turton. Tolstoy observes that on the basis of his discoveries in Russia, "I was over-charitable to Keightley and his colleagues in my book."

The aim of Tolstoy's supporters in Britain—and they include many distinguished people—is to secure justice for him. To this end, the European Court of Human Rights will soon consider whether the imposition of the enormous libel penalty (not for his book but for a pamphlet) is a violation of Tolstoy's right to tell the truth without being penalized. It is unconscionable that he should have to labor under this burden in his endeavor to tell the full story of a crime against humanity. Ultimately, the awful details must be made known in Britain, acknowledged officially, and the process of atonement begun. In the United States, a new generation must also learn of the horrors committed during Operation Keelhaul.

American journalists and historians need to uncover the documents associated with these crimes and to expose the persons responsible for them in the Roosevelt administration. It is late in the day to recognize the achievement of Julius Epstein, but not too late. Of course, he should have received the Medal of Freedom 20 years ago. In Count Tolstoy's case, a Nobel Prize would be an appropriate honor. Two nations that have upheld liberty over centuries have a special obligation to honor citizens who fearlessly expose those in high places who violated their countries' traditions of freedom. c

Corcyra Memoranda

"Words changed their ordinary meanings and were construed in new senses. Reckless daring passed for the courage of a loyal partisan, far-sighted hesitation was the excuse of a coward, moderation was the pretext of the unmanly, the power to see all sides of a question was complete inability to act. Impulsive rashness was held the mark of a man, caution in conspiracy was a specious excuse for avoiding action."

—Thucydides

What will happen when all these hyphenated kids grow up and get married? Must the daughter of Susan Burgess-Carter and Dennis Everton-Flint go through life as Amy Burgess-Carter-Everton-Flint? The daughter could simplify things somewhat by dropping the names before the hyphens and becoming Amy Carter-Flint. But this use of the two fathers' names would miss the point of hyphenating the names in the first place (i.e., to give the woman an equal share). She could, instead, use the prehyphenated part of her maiden name and the posthyphenated part of her husband's (Amy Burgess-Flint). But then she could never have dinner at the Carters' (her paternal grandparents) or the Evertons' (her husband's maternal grandparents). Of course, all of this ignores the fact that any hyphenated name is a dubious indication of equality when virtually no men hyphenate *their* names.

When a woman's maiden name is less euphonious or of lower status than her husband's name, she nearly always chooses to use the husband's name. Even the professional woman who wishes to use her maiden name will nearly always hyphenate it with the husband's name if the latter is more euphonious or of higher status; indeed, she will most often hyphenate it when the husband's name is *less* euphonious and of lower status, which holds true for women who choose the husband's name alone. This all implies that *very* few women choose to use their maiden names for reasons of personal identity or politics.

There is a plausible explanation for this: taking the husband's name serves to cement the husband's bond with the wife by making the wife a more integral part of his identity. Keeping the male from roaming, getting him to support and protect a family (in today's parlance, "getting him to make a commitment"), has always and everywhere been a primary task for women. Ideology is one thing, real life is another, and the latter always trumps the former. Ideology can pretend that men are the way they are simply because they have been socialized that way. But real life must take into account the reality of what men and women are, and we can no more pretend that men roam only because of socialization than we can pretend that men could be socialized to give birth. Most women are aware of this, and that is why, when use of the maiden name would seem the minimal requirement of feminism, nearly all women take their husband's name.

—Steven Goldberg

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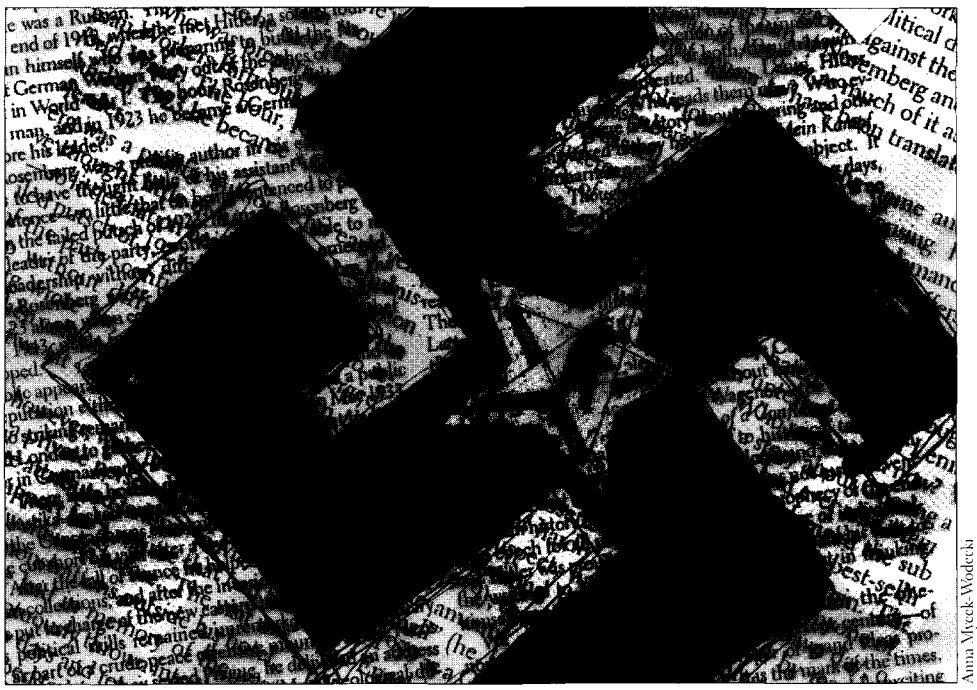
Alfred Rosenberg

The Triumph of Tedium

by George Watson



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

A few months after the outbreak of war, in January 1940, Nazi leaders held a merry meeting. They had plenty to be cheerful about. Poland had been crushed in a few weeks, and the new Soviet alliance had been "sealed in blood," as Stalin put it. By a secret agreement in the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact of August 1939, the Baltic states as well as eastern Poland would be handed over to Stalin, and German officers were already visiting the Soviet Union to promote trade and military cooperation. This was the honeymoon period of the Hitler-Stalin pact, and the Soviets were sending Hitler supplies he would shortly use to crush Denmark and Norway, Benelux and France. The West, it was clear, had blundered; the British Foreign Office, which had greeted the pact with secret delight, had got it wrong. The foreign office had believed that an alliance of rival dictators could not prosper or prove more than a brief marriage of convenience. Now, on the contrary, the dictators were finding to their joy that they had a lot in common.

The story of that meeting in the first winter of the war was reported in the diary of Alfred Rosenberg, Hitler's chief ideologue. A Nazi officer had just returned from Odessa, so Rudolf Hess told Hitler, and had noted with approval that there seemed to be no Jewish officials left in the Ukraine. An ideological convergence between the two states, in fact, looked imminent; the Nazification of the Soviet Union loomed as a happy prospect. This, said Hess, is "the sort of thing that a lot of people are thinking about nowadays." Stalin might heed the call for racial purity. "Is Russia really preparing to change?" If it were indeed moving toward such a policy, he said, "it will end with a tremendous Jewish pogrom."

Hitler was amused at the thought. "In that case," he said, "Europe in its agony will ask me to take up the cause of humanity in eastern Europe." The joke went down well, and Hitler turned with a grin to Rosenberg. "And then Rosenberg would have to write a report of the meeting I would chair on the humane treatment of the Jews."

After the war, Rosenberg was hanged by the Allies as a war criminal at Nuremberg. By then he was the author of a large pile of books, some of them written before Hitler took power in January 1933, notably *The Myth of the Twentieth Century* (1930), which, by 1942, is said to have sold a million copies. An author well protected by the tedium of his style, he was never widely read, it seems, even in his lifetime, and another top Nazi, Von Schirach, once said that nobody ever sold more unread copies. There is even evidence that few Nazi leaders bothered with them. Hitler appointed Rosenberg to significant posts but admitted to neglecting his books. His career, in fact, vividly illustrates the role of the unread and unreadable in

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intellectual history, the triumph of tedium.

Rosenberg's career, almost inevitably, was more interesting than his writings. Like Hitler, he was born outside Germany, his father being a cobbler in Estonia, which in 1893, the year of Rosenberg's birth, was part of the Tsarist empire. He studied engineering in Riga and architecture at the University of Moscow, where in 1917 he took a diploma and witnessed the Russian Revolution. On returning to his native Estonia, he tried to join the imperial German army, but he was refused on grounds that he was a Russian. He then moved to Munich, probably at the end of 1918, where he met Hitler, a soldier four years older than himself who was preparing to build the National Socialist German Workers Party out of the ashes of Germany's defeat in World War I. The hour, Rosenberg felt, had produced the man, and in 1923 he became a German citizen, ten years before his leader.

Though Rosenberg was a prolific author in his early years, Hitler seems to have thought little of his assistant's administrative competence—so little that on being sentenced to prison for his part in the failed putsch of 1923, he made Rosenberg the provisional leader of the party, confident of being able to resume the leadership without difficulty when he emerged. Meanwhile Rosenberg wrote on, and his writings from the years 1917-23 alone, when collected in Munich at the height of the war in 1943, made two fat volumes. This was a pen that never stopped.

His public appearances, however, were unsuccessful, and he had no reputation either as a private personality or as a public orator. No striking remarks are attributed to him. In May 1933, he visited London to gather support for a régime that had taken power in Germany only a few months before. The visit was a fiasco. There were hostile demonstrations outside his hotel, and a swastika-decked wreath he laid in memory of the war dead at the Cenotaph was contemptuously thrown into the river, so he cut short his visit after a few days and returned to Germany. After the fall of France he helped to loot works of art for German collections, and after the invasion of the Soviet Union he was put in charge of the new eastern territories of the Reich.

His political skills remained unremarkable. In February 1939, as part of a crude peace offensive mounted by the Nazis a few weeks before they seized Prague, he delivered an address to foreign diplomats in Berlin entitled "Must ideological differences lead to war?" He assured them that the German government had no designs on its neighbors and respected the views of other states. A pact with Stalin was already one of the secret options being considered by Hitler, and the speech was no doubt meant to lull Moscow as well as Paris and London into a false sense of security. But it was an unimpressive performance, as published, at once verbose and implausible. Meanwhile, his books about Nordic purity and Wotan-worship continued to appear and, highly unreadable though they were, to sell. They argued at length that the German people were descended from a vanished race of subarctic supermen worshipping Norse gods and fortified by a cold climate and an innate sense of heroic virtues, their primitive force unsullied by Slavs, Latins, Jews, Freemasons, and Roman Catholics. Some of his books, like one on the immorality of the Talmud, add nastiness to silliness, and it is doubtful if as many as a dozen people now living have ever read them. Three years after he was hanged in 1949, his *Memoirs* appeared in English, apparently based on his testimony at the Nuremberg trials, where he had represented Nazism as a great idea tragically mishandled; and in 1970 there was an anthology of his works called *Selected Writings*. Neither book includes the political diary from which my anecdote about Soviet pogroms against the Jews was taken. Used as evidence against him at Nuremberg and published in the original German in 1956, or as much of it as had survived, the diary does not appear to have been translated at all.

The oblivion into which the name and works of Alfred Rosenberg have fallen is not surprising. He contrived to be boring as well as evil and history rightly demands that its villains be interesting. On the other hand, he offers a striking instance of a phenomenon of intellectual life peculiar to the 20th century and to the ideas of totalitarianism that once threatened to overwhelm it. I mean the phenomenon of the unread sage: the ideologue who is revered or hated, or both, though his writings remain unread and even untested. Marx, Lenin, Hitler, and Mao are classic instances. Who reads them now? Who ever read them through? There is a story about Goering and other Nazi leaders being asked if they had ever read *Mein Kampf*. They laughed in embarrassment and changed the subject. It is a fair bet that the *Thoughts of Mao*, in its best-selling days, outnumbered its readers by a comfortable margin. There is no evidence that Rosenberg's books converted anyone of note to Nazism, just as hardly any Marxists in our own day, one may reasonably suspect, have been converted by reading Marx. The late Raymond Williams once confessed, in *Politics and Letters* (1979), that it was "a deficiency of my own generation that the amount of classical Marxism it actually knew was very small" (he, for example, had joined the Communist Party in 1939 as a Cambridge freshman without having read Marx and Engels). Hitler once told Otto Wagener—the story is reported in Wagener's *Hitler: Memoirs of a Confidant* (1985)—that most intellectuals who appealed to historical traditions "have never even read Marx," as he had done, and did not even understand that the October Revolution was not just an event in Russian history but fulfilled the Marxian prophecy of the end of an epoch for all mankind, the end of the age of individualism. Hitler was proud, in his private conversation, of his debt to the writings to Marx; but he was probably right in thinking himself unusual in reading them through.

We still need an explanation, however, for the phenomenon—wholly characteristic of the present century—of the ignorant intellectual: the worshiper of grand ideas propounded in works he has not read. It is the mark of the times. We have just emerged from an era in which allegedly exciting ideas—exciting enough, apparently, to live and die for—have been purveyed in prose so dingy and so drab that even the faithful do not read it. The world, in the early to mid-20th century, was suddenly excited by gray men. Hannah Arendt, wondering at Eichmann's ordinariness as he stood in the dock in Jerusalem admitting to mass murder, coined a famous phrase about the Banality of Evil. Theorists and ideologues, too, can be deeply banal. Bad as Rosenberg's books are, only a man of deeply ordinary talents, at most, could have written them. But their neglect, and the neglect of other authors of the totalitarian school, have revived a great myth.

The myth is that even in the ideological age that followed the French Revolution, ideas do not matter in human affairs, or matter much: that the Nazis, for example, or the Bolsheviks before them, were less a band of ideologues than a bunch of thugs; that it is chance happenings and not ideas that make great events. For three centuries this has been known as the

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doctrine of Cleopatra's nose (a phrase coined by Pascal), since it was the beauty of a queen of Egypt that is supposed to have toppled Mark Antony and led to the long reign of the Caesars. We are now back, in historical studies, with Cleopatra's nose, if indeed it ever went away; and the notion has now become popular among professional historians and analysts who have outlived a youthful idealism and entered a middle-aged cynicism governed by the simple conviction that principles are forgotten at the door of the cabinet room and that nice guys finish last. Cleopatra's nose is particularly tempting to an age like the present, when famous doctrines like fascism and communism have foundered in unexpected and spectacular ways. Such grand notions, in retrospect, look silly as well as wicked. How, it is natural to wonder, can people ever have believed in global conspiracies of race or in the idea that you could abolish capitalism by making the state, the biggest capitalist there is, bigger still?

There may be a further reason, however, why the works of Marx and Engels, Hitler and Rosenberg, are seldom read, a reason that has nothing to do with their tedium. I mean that there is a suspicion that they might say something inconvenient to the easy assumptions of our times.

But perhaps, it is now tempting to say, people never really did. Perhaps the Bolshevik Revolution, like the Nazi revolution that followed it, was impelled less by ideas than by a hunger for power and an inability, on achieving power, to think of anything else to say or do. It is a view argued lucidly by Edoardo da Fonseca, an ex-Marxist Brazilian economist, in *Beliefs in Action* (1991), where ideology is reduced to the role of a mere chorus in the violent drama of history and where general ideas count for little more than the mental strategies by which men of action like Lenin and Hitler justify themselves, or cheer themselves up. What rules history, in this view, and always rules it, is human oddity and the irresistible force of circumstance. Ideas do not make history, as we were once told. They are a sideshow.

All that, if it were believed, would be unlikely to turn anyone back to the dull task of reading the classics of totalitarianism. But the story about ideological convergence that Rosenberg tells in his diary in January 1940 is interesting, and it would be a pity if it went unremarked. What it suggests is that the Nazis expected their Soviet allies to start a holocaust of their own, to be brothers in ideology as well as comrades in arms. That needs to be put into a wider context. It is now widely forgotten that for an entire century there was an active theoretical tradition of socialist genocide in Europe, starting with an article by Engels in Marx's journal, the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* (January-February 1849)—an article that has nothing to do with eugenics but much to do with Marx's theory of history—and involving Proudhon, Bernard Shaw, H.G. Wells, and Stalin. As I documented in *Politics & Literature in Modern Britain* (1977), socialism in its first century readily embraced theories of racial purity, and National Socialism is unlikely to have sounded like a paradox to Germans in the years when it was first propounded, at least on the grounds of its racial policies. No German socialist of the 1920's ever publicly said that Hitler had no right to call himself a socialist because he advocated genocide. The claim, in those days, would have seemed absurd.

The point can be made explicit. In the European century that began in the 1840's, everyone who publicly supported genocide, if he belonged to a political party or group at all, called himself a socialist. Genocide was not just a fact of socialism in that age, but a characteristic fact. It distinguished socialism from all other party traditions.

If that is a surprising conclusion, then it is surprising that it should surprise. All these documents, beginning with Engels's 1849 article, are published and even reprinted. But they are simply unread. Tedium has triumphed. Who now reads Marx's *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, for 1849 or any other year; who, for that matter, reads his books all the way through? Who would willingly read H.G. Wells's *Anticipations* (1902), where his skills as a novelist are abandoned in favor of a dreary diagram of a socialist utopia created by genocide where the whole world would be clean, efficient, and white? Who would willingly read Stalin's *Foundations of Leninism* (1924), which openly applauds Engels's call for genocide and proposes to inflict it, as Stalin later did, on the Soviet Union? It is not the death of communism that has made such writings boring. They were always boring. They were largely unread even when communism ruled a third of mankind.

The case, on reflection, looks unique. This is a century that has published like no century before it, and amassed books in libraries like no century before it. One is forced to conclude that in the field of political theory, many texts are simply unread. The lost literature of socialism is not lost in the sense that librarians cannot find it, but in the sense that readers do not ask for it. It is a literature protected by a well-earned reputation for being uninteresting.

The most startling case is very recent, or only recently revealed. In 1992, the intellectual left in France was shaken out of whatever remained of its certitudes by a posthumously published autobiography. In *L'Avenir dure longtemps*, Louis Althusser, one of the most influential academic Marxists in postwar Paris, revealed that he had not only plagiarized the essays of other students but that, even as a professor, he had hardly read any of the philosophical works he had confidently expounded to students for decades: not a word of Aristotle or Kant, and nothing of Karl Marx except his early writings. The autobiography was a sensation. Althusser is best remembered now, apart from killing of his wife in a delirium, as the author of *Lire le Capital* (1968); but it now appears that he never read it himself. Converted to communism in his youth by meeting and marrying a member of the French Communist Party, he presumably (like Raymond Williams) thought the talk of party comrades enough.

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There may be a further reason, however, why the works of Marx and Engels, Hitler and Rosenberg, are seldom read, a reason that has nothing to do with their tedium. I mean that there is a suspicion that they might say something inconvenient to the easy assumptions of our times. One such assumption, in the Western world, is that the right is competent and the left virtuous, and it is only very recently that it has come to be doubted—due, no doubt, to events like the sterling crisis of September 1992 or President Bush's handling of the American economy, on the one hand, and the proven corruption of socialist parties in France, Italy, and Spain on the other. The assumption made for a long incuriosity, even among historians and political theorists. For so long as socialism was thought of as virtuous, genocide could not be socialist. After all, genocide is wicked. Everyone, or nearly everyone, knows that. It followed that though Hitler called himself a socialist, he cannot have been one.

It may be hard now to set the historical record straight without offense—an offense based, often enough, on simple misunderstandings. The first is that to speak of socialist genocide is to imply that all or most socialists have believed in it, which I am far from suggesting. A second misunderstanding, and more interesting, concerns the nature of virtue. Socialism has always been a claim to virtue, much as conservatism has traditionally been a claim to competence. But racial theories, it may be alarming to recall, can be claims to virtue too. Purity is an ideal, after all, and idealism can be brutal. In a world content to accept that socialism was always thought of as left-wing, that is a mood hard to recapture. "Racism" has long been a term of abuse; and the charge of genocide, as in Bosnia, is nowadays known only as a term of reprobation. But the world has not always been like that. The terms "racist" and "racialist" are both 20th-century coinages, unknown to the language in the 19th century and earlier; and their exclusive association with racial oppression, which is now taken for granted, is even more recent. Enlightened and progressive thinkers like Shaw and Wells were proud of their racial theories, and advocated them publicly as socialists. A year after Hitler took power, H.G. Wells, in *Experiment in Autobiography* (1934), candidly remarked that his *Anticipations* belonged to "the Hitlerite stage of my development, when I was a sentimentalist, a moralist, a patriot, a racist." So racism, in his view, could be moral and sentimental, and Hitler could be seen as a sentimental moralist. Shaw, in the preface to *On the Rocks* (1933), applauded the new régime in Germany for having put extermination at the head of its program, though on severely practical grounds he disagreed with the Nazi emphasis on Jews and preferred the Soviet emphasis on the unfit and the lazy. These were conscientious left-wing views based, as it was thought, on scientific evidence, and Shaw and Wells were no more ashamed of their belief in extermination than Hitler himself. In fact, they were eager to be seen as courageous enough to grasp a problem that the liberal mind, in an excess of delicacy, had long pretended was not there.

Racism, in a word, was once a part of advanced radical thought, and nice people could be publicly racist. That has been true for a long time. The most amiable of 19th-century socialist revolutionaries, Alexander Herzen, who wrote his memoirs in exile in London in 1852-67, remarked that it was high time the world came to realize how important race was. "The time has come to understand, once and for all, that the different breeds of mankind, like different breeds of animals, have their different natures and are not to be blamed for this. No one is angry with the bull for not having the beauty of the horse or the swiftness of the stag," and the most we can hope, Herzen concluded, is that the different races of mankind should "graze peaceably in the same field without kicking or goring each other." That is a racist view, though one well short of genocide: an instance of virtuous racism in a virtuous man, and Herzen was not to know where it would some day lead or what others would do with it.

Perhaps, then, the classics of totalitarianism are protected by more than their tedium. They are protected by the fear that to read them might be to uncover something subversive: evidence irreconcilable with assumptions seldom doubted and claims long considered too cogent to need defense. The good dictator—good, that is, in his own self-image and the estimation of his disciples—has ceased to be part of the moral universe in which we live, and Rosenberg's hopes, and Hitler's, of a Nazi-Soviet Empire united in racial purity mean nothing now to mankind. That is not to be regretted. The world has grown skeptical of the power of the wise ruler and the single idea, of doctrines like the purity of race. We doubt the idealism even of idealists. No doubt that is right. But it makes the past we have so narrowly survived difficult, even impossible, at times, to comprehend. c

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Enough Guilt to Go Around

by John Nixon, Jr.

That, as alleged, she done him wrong is true—
And he reciprocated and in spades,
Though it was universally agreed
Two huge wrongs don't add up to one small right.
Then, in the post-Edenic period,
For the first time, *we* done *them* wrong. Did they
Enthusiastically retaliate!
They must have been stockpiling stones for days,
And some bright bastard had devised a club
And cracked our skulls with that. The weapons race
Had definitely started. Dipping quills
In gore, we wrote the ugly story down
And called it history. From it, we learn:
Everybody done everybody wrong.

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The Russo-German Symbiosis in the First and Second World Wars

by Ralph de Toledano

Anna Mecek-Wodecki

With the collapse of the Soviet Union and the retreat of Leninist forces within the empire, hosannas have rung out in the Western world. "The Cold War is over, the Cold War is over," the leaders of the West have exclaimed, and demands to turn swords into knitting needles have filled the air. At every hand, there is a militant yearning to disarm, to declare "peace dividends," and to return to the state of inertia that marked the eras which followed World War I and II. To listen to some of the nation's legislators, only a unilateral assertion of universal peace stands between us and a balanced budget. The facts are something else again. Few realize that even in a world rid of the Soviet threat, the responsibilities piled on the "one remaining superpower" are limitless and of far greater significance, the threat to world security from the Eurosian land mass as great today as when Stalin and his successors ruled.

Even fewer bother to recall—since recollection has never been *de rigueur* among policymakers, either in Washington or in other Western capitals—that a spasmodic, usually covert, relationship between Russia and Germany has existed throughout modern history—a relationship of tremendous significance since World War I, which has conditioned, if not determined, the course of recent history. That relationship—close to a loose "alliance"—was interrupted by the Great War, revived by the Imperial German General Staff with the connivance of Lenin and Trotsky, formalized in the secret clauses of the Treaty of Rapallo, and continued during the Weimar and Nazi eras—receiving a second formalization in the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939. It was ruptured by Adolf Hitler, against the advice of Germany's ruling classes and much of the military, when Hitler invaded the Soviet Union, but invoked again by German Social Democrats, with clear support from the Christian Democrats and the open concurrence of successive Soviet leaders.

The brief period of "thaw" during which the "new" Russian Empire, seeking economic help from the West, made pretty curtseys in our direction has not lasted very long. Even under Boris Yeltsin, whose tenure is indeterminate and whose loyalties are vague, the Russians have begun to reassert some of the old tendentiousness and sourness toward the United States and the West, while attempting to dip into the capitalist till. And like an off-key Greek chorus, the communists, hierarchs, and rank-and-file have made common cause with "great Russian" and anti-Western demagogues who would be more at ease in Cossack uniforms. Russia may not be communist, and it may be moving toward a kind of Tsarist privatization, but in a few years it could be difficult to tell the difference. The rise of a Russian mafia, and an attendant increase in crime, are inducing a critical instability that could well move Russia in the direction of corporativism, the totalitarianism of Benito Mussolini.

The flounderings of American foreign policy—exemplified at first by President Bush's gurglings about a "New World Order" and Secretary of State James Baker's cynical manipulations—have been followed by the total amateurism of President Clinton, Madam Clinton, and Secretary of State Warren Christopher, a diplomat whose concept of policy dynamism begins and ends with negotiation at international pushcarts. President Bush was driven by total self-deception, President Clinton by total ignorance, and the rest by what it would be both impolite and impolitic to characterize. Latter-day Metternichs like Henry Kissinger at least bring some historical perspective to their discussions. They have some knowledge of what has obsessed Europe since the Hundred Years War, and

Ralph de Toledano's latest book is The Apocrypha of Limbo, *a collection of religious poems.*

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they have an idea of what motivated Imperial Germany and Imperial Russia in 1918, as revealed by the now-forgotten *Willi-Nikki* correspondence between Cousin Wilhelm and Cousin Nicholas. And they are aware that the period from the second decade of the 20th century through World War II and the Cold War will in the future be seen as a historical *gestalt*, much like the Hundred Years War. Our current policymakers remember little more than the sealed train that, consistent with Bismarck's *drang nach Osten*, carried Lenin through the German lines to Petrograd's (St. Petersburg's) Finland Station.

Historians and diplomats have buried the documents that detailed the agreements made by Lenin, *en route* to Petrograd, with Germany's military and banking interests for what amounted to the economic integration of a dying Russian Empire with a Germany still confident that it could achieve at least a stalemate in the war. The Seeckt papers, discovered among Reichswehr archives after the Nazi collapse and locked away from philandering researchers by the State Department, map out a grand strategy for an *Ostpolitik* later enunciated by Willy Brandt's Social Democrats. Even before the breakup of the Soviet Union, Germany showed a deeper interest in developments to the east than in a "unification" of a Europe it could not dominate.

Histories of the Russian Revolution, biographies and writings of Lenin and Trotsky, and official Russo-German pronouncements either downplay or flatly deny the connection between the Bolsheviks and Imperial Germany, though ex-communist historians like Ruth Fischer—once the leading member of the Austrian Communist Party—tread on the margins. There is solid evidence that the Bolshevik drive to assume power by overthrowing the Kerensky regime—"The most democratic government in the world," Lenin called it—was financed by Germany with millions of gold rubles. The transmission of some of these funds to the Bolsheviks was in the hands of one Alexander Helphand, known in revolutionary circles as Parvus, who was simultaneously active among the Bolsheviks and on the German payroll. It was Parvus who engineered Lenin's return to Russia in a sealed train that was nevertheless open enough to admit German negotiators. The immediate aim of the German General Staff was to aid in a *coup d'etat* that would take Russia out of the war. But its wide-ranging agreements with Lenin went far beyond this, calling for the opening of Russia to German industrial and banking interests and demanding control of Russian reconstruction and natural resources after the conclusion of hostilities.

The file of letters from the Imperial German staff and the Reichsbank, now safely buried in the archives, covers matters other than the political-economic plan envisioned by Germany and welcomed by the Bolsheviks, and it offers insights into the international policies that led to World War II. A 1917 document on the letterhead of the German General Staff's Intelligence (*Nachtrichten*) section in Berlin, addressed to the "Government of the People's Commissars," stated that "in accordance with the agreement . . . between our General Staff and the leaders of the Russian revolutionary army . . . Lenin, Trotsky, Raskolnikov, and Dybenko, the Russian division of our General Staff" would participate in and direct revolutionary activities within Russia—and a list of German officers being assigned was appended. In November of that year, the Council of People's Commissars was informed that another contingent of German officers had been assigned as "military advisers."

On January 12, 1918, the General Staff showed its muscle by giving Commissar of Foreign Affairs Trotsky a list of the "main candidates for reelection" to the Communist Party's Central Committee. "The General Staff orders us to insist on the election of the following persons: Trotsky, Lenin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Joffe, Sverdlovsk (etc.). Please inform the President of the Council [Lenin] of the General Staff's wish." Shortly thereafter, a memorandum from the Reichsbank, addressed to Trotsky, informed the Bolsheviks:

> Notification has been received . . . from Stockholm that 50 million rubles in gold has been transferred to the People's Commissars. This credit has been supplied . . . in order to cover the cost of the Red Guards [at the time Lenin's only reliable troops] and agitators in the country. . . . I am instructed to convey the agreement of the Imperial Bank against the credit of the General Staff of 5 million gold rubles [for the capture or sabotage of U.S. war materials being sent to the Imperial Russian forces].

The Reichsbank, which continued to supply gold to the Bolsheviks, repeatedly reminded Lenin and Trotsky of the commitments they had made—commitments that guaranteed to Germany and its bankers what amounted almost to the total takeover of the Russian economy. On January 18, 1918, G. Schantz, representing the Reichsbank, wrote to Lenin outlining some of the "guiding" principles, as ordered by German "commercial and industrial" groups: "The conflict of the Russian revolution with the Russian capitalists absolutely does not interest German manufacturing circles. . . . You can destroy Russian capitalists if you please, but it is not possible for us to permit the destruction of Russian [industrial] enterprises."

It was "essential," Schantz wrote, "to conduct a canvass and gather statistical information with regard to the condition of industry, and in view of the absence of money in Russia, to address in business conversation" a consortium of German banks. In the postwar era, all goods shipped to Russia, under a German monopoly of trade, would have to be paid for in advance "to the amount of 75 percent of the market value," with the balance payable in six months. This letter had been preceded by a "resolution" giving Germany exclusive right to the purchase of all Russian securities for five years after the signing of a separate peace treaty between the two countries.

The agreements signed by Lenin and Trotsky also gave Germany exclusive rights for five years after the peace in the development of Russia's "coal, metallurgical, machine tools, oil, chemical, and pharmaceutical" industries—with Russia's industrial economy run by a "supreme advisory organ consisting of 10 Russian specialists and 10 from German industrial organizations." The Communist leaders also agreed to cede two mining districts in the area of Poland they controlled and to give the oil region of Galicia to Austria-Hungary. The planning departments of "producing and manufacturing industries . . . must be controlled by German specialists," and all banking was to be an adjunct of the German banking system.

The collapse of the Kaiser's armies before the onslaught of fresh American troops, and the Treaty of Versailles, signaled the end of these "arrangements," but the magnetic field that pulled Germany and Russia together remained. In 1922, under the Treaty of Rapallo, Weimar Germany became the first country to give *de jure* recognition to the Soviet Union. The

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two countries canceled their mutual war debts and, in commercial agreements, repeated some of Lenin's commitments. Of far greater significance were the secret clauses to the treaty that obtained until Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union in 1941. Those secret clauses circumvented the Versailles Treaty's ban on German rearmament by providing for the training of German troops on Russian soil. They set up the mechanism for Germany's purchase of armaments prohibited under the Versailles Treaty and formalized agreements between the Reichswehr and the Kremlin going back to Lenin's time. They also established protocols and arrangements that Hitler and Stalin would make public in 1939 in their "nonaggression" treaty. That this joint laying-on of hands shocked Western leaders is an index of their naiveté. It was denounced as the "first step" toward a second world war, but it had long been in operation.

Lenin was ready to sign away Russia's patrimony to gain German support in his drive to take over a Russian Empire torn by war and seemingly doomed by defeat on the battlefield. But he was also convinced that, with the termination of hostilities, German imperial power would collapse and an analogous revolution would put Germany in his camp. He saw no "betrayal" of the revolution in this, but another step toward world hegemony. He attempted to give substance to this scheme by sending Karl Radek into Germany in the early 1920's to overthrow the feeble Weimar Republic and to establish a "national Bolshevik" regime that would merge with Russian Bolshevism. For he carried in his head what every Russian leader, politician, and demagogue since Peter the Great had held—a vision of Russia as a "Third Rome," which would step over a moribund Europe and bring to fruition in the modern world what had but briefly existed as the Holy Roman Empire. The thousandth anniversary of this "Third Rome" would have been celebrated by President Gorbachev, had he not tripped on his way to the forum—and it has lived within the hearts of Russians as a kind of "thousand year Reich." In acceding to German demands, therefore, Lenin was taking both a short and a long view.

The Seeckt papers, retrieved from Reichswehr archives after the Nazi defeat and swiftly buried by the State Department, are crucial to understanding the nature of this Russo-German symbiosis, but they also open doors to previously puzzling aspects of the events that led to World War II. General Hans von Seeckt, a military delegate to the Versailles Conference, was the creator of the Reichswehr under the Weimar Republic. In a memorandum to the Reichschancellor in July 1922, he attacked those in Germany who sought to dissolve the secret "alliance" with Russia and to move Germany in a Western direction. The memorandum went into such crucial matters as Franco-British antagonisms, the status of Poland and Czechoslovakia, and the European alignment of power—matters that today merit serious consideration but are often ignored. Those passages in the Seeckt memoranda dealing with German-Soviet relations, excerpted here, show that the Germans had no qualms about associations with the Bolsheviks:

> The connection that Germany has formed with Russia represents the first and, so far, almost the only increment in power that we have achieved since the conclusion of the peace. It is only natural . . . that this connection should begin on the economic plane; but the value of it consists precisely in the fact that [it] opens the possibility of political and military ties. That such a double connection must constitute an increment of power for Germany—and for Russia as well—cannot be doubted . . .
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> Poland is the heart of the eastern problem. Poland's existence is intolerable, incompatible with the essential conditions of Germany's life. . . . The reestablishment of the former border between Germany and Russia [that is, the elimination of Poland] is essential to the recovery of both countries. . . . This should be the basis of an agreement between the two countries . . .
>
> We have two aims. First, we desire to strengthen Russia in the economic and political—therefore in the military—spheres, thus indirectly strengthening ourselves because Russia is a potential future ally. We also want to strengthen ourselves directly by helping build up a useful industry which will help us in case of need. . . . [This goal] is being put into effect by German private industry. . . . The Russians have already expressed the wish to establish and maintain contact with us on other military questions. . . . We are seeking to achieve our aim of direct rearmament in the same way, through private industry. . . . The details of the negotiations can be conducted only through the military authorities. . . . Germany will not be Bolshevized by coming to an understanding with Russia on questions of foreign policy. . . . Certainly, there is a widespread and understandable desire for peace among the German people . . . but to practice politics means to lead. In spite of all, the German people will follow the leader in the fight for existence.

The "elimination" of Poland, the hammer stroke that brought on World War II, was even then, in 1922, a major goal of both German and Soviet policy—though the Soviet Union's efforts to recapture its half of the Polish state by invasion during World War I had failed and resulted in the ignominy of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, which compelled the Russians to pull back to their own borders. Seventeen years later, in February 1939, and six months before the announcement of the Hitler-Stalin Pact, Seeckt's program for Russo-German military and political "cooperation" was outlined in a memorandum by Major Fritz Tschunke, over the years a close friend and collaborator of Seeckt. Some salient points from the Seeckt archive:

> Implementing the ideas of General Seeckt, the so-called Sondergruppe R [Special Unit R] was created by the Reichswehr Ministry. Niedermayer and I were sent to Moscow to establish military contacts with the USSR. . . . The result of our work, which for certain reasons had to be disguised in Germany as well as in foreign countries, was the founding of the Society for the Advancing of Industrial Enterprises (GEFU) with headquarters in Berlin and Moscow. A very considerable capital was put at my disposal by the German government. The purpose of GEFU was:
>
> 1) The conclusion of a license-agreement between the airplane factory Junkers and the Soviet government for the production of [military] airplanes at the plant Fili near Moscow.

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2) The founding of the German-Russian joint-stock company Bersol near Samaria for the construction of a chemical plant to produce poison gas.

3) Production of artillery ammunition with the help of German technical assistance.

At the same time the work of Sondergruppe R went on. Already achieved was the establishment of pilot and tank schools with German participation. [Despite hostile speeches in the Reichstag] the foundations had been laid and future historians will appreciate it. . . . Much had been achieved, and a firm basis for further progress was formed . . .

The German-Russian alliance had been looked on with suspicion but was fortunately underestimated. . . . It is true we were on very good terms with the Red Army. The then chief of the German *Truppennamt*, General Hasse, conducted detailed discussions with the Russian chief of staff, Lebedev, whose conversations were also strongly concerned with the possibility of war with Poland . . .

The economic collaboration resulted from the well-established military contact which, looking back, has been of tremendous importance to our industry. It is no secret that German industry during the years of our economic misery was kept alive by the amount of Russian orders. . . . The Reichsbank received during the period 1929 through 1933, 1.33 billion RM in gold and silver. The balance was paid off in essential raw materials.

The fact must be specially underscored that it was due to these large Russian orders that our industry could maintain and even enlarge its industrial plants, securing technical progress and keeping together as well as training teams of specialists and educating the rising generation.

The idea of a military and economic alliance between Russia and Germany had originated with Otto von Bismarck, the creator of the modern German welfare state. The grand strategy had been close to the hearts of Kaiser Wilhelm and Tsar Nicholas, who seriously considered siding with the Central Powers in 1914, as well as to those of nationalists in both their countries. (Had the tinder that set off the Great War not been sparked in Serbia, a country with strong ties to Russia, Tsar Nicholas—the record seems clear—might well have joined the Central Powers.) As Boris Nicolaevsky, one of the best-informed experts on Russian and Central European politics, noted in 1941, German nationalists "looked upon Russia as a stable state [before and after the Revolution] whose destruction was neither feasible nor desirable." As Nicolaevsky wrote in the *New Leader*:

> They advocated building the future on the basis of the closest ties of friendship and long-term political and economic collaboration with Russia. An alliance of the Soviets, with their boundless wealth of raw materials, and a highly industrialized Germany could, according to this view, form a vast combine capable of ruling the world. . . . For the lasting success of such a liaison it was, of course, necessary to obtain positions of decisive influence in Russia.

Holding this view, but from another angle, was Joseph Stalin. This put him in conflict with Sergei Kirov, ostensibly his closest friend but one of the few party leaders with any independent influence. Kirov and a substantial part of the communist leadership favored a move away from Germany and toward the West. The assassination of Kirov, on Stalin's orders and at the behest of the Reichswehr, was the excuse for the first of the Great Purges, which, ostensibly aimed at ridding the party of pro-German influence, gave the *Vozhd* undisputed mastery. The Reichswehr, with Stalin's support, organized the united front of Nazis, communists, and nationalists that opposed the Social Democrats in the 1931 Prussian plebiscite, the first severe blow to the stability of the Weimar republic. In 1932, again at the prompting of Stalin and the Reichswehr, Nazis and communists literally linked arms in the great Berlin transport strike, the undertaker's knock on the door of Weimar.

The Reichswehr and its nationalist-industrial constituency believed that it would be the successor to a dead Weimar regime, but it was Hitler who triumphed. Up to a point, the Reichswehr and the industrialists could deal with Hitler, and they continued a secret alliance with Stalin and the Red Army—though they suffered a loss when Stalin "liquidated" Marshal Tukhachevsky, the Soviets' most brilliant military strategist, for fear that the Red Army would attain too much influence. As for the Reichswehr, it pressed for the formal military and economic "alliance" that was spelled out later in the secret clauses of the Hitler-Stalin Pact—realizing that only with Russia at its side could it triumph in the war that followed. After the invasion of the Soviet Union—opposed by the Reichswehr and by German industrial interests—and as the United States started bringing its strength to bear, the Reichswehr began to accept the possibility of defeat and sought to renew its contacts with the Soviet military. On February 11, 1945, Robert Murphy reported to the State Department's European Affairs Division the estimate of Allen Dulles of the OSS that "all indications currently received from Germany indicate a definite trend toward the idea that Germany's only salvation lies to the East"—the opposite of what the American people were being told:

> The conviction seems to be growing that while the Russians may be hard and brutal, even cruel, and that they will punish the principal Nazi offenders, they will offer an affirmative economic and industrial future which will protect the Germans against starvation and poverty. They believe that the Russians will be dependent on German industrial products which means that German plants will continue to work at full capacity and the unemployment problem will thus be solved.

Count Klaus von Staufenberg, one of the leaders in the "generals' plot" to assassinate Hitler, even contemplated organizing a "workers and peasants" revolt that would sue for a separate peace with Stalin. A realization of the interests between Germany and Russia was a major factor in the strategic considerations of both countries—before, during, and for a short time after the war. Hitler's obsessive anticommunism had shattered traditional Russo-German policy. After the fall of Germany, it might have survived had Stalin not realized at Potsdam that the Western allies, stupid as they had been in their dealings with him up until then, were not going to hand him Germany. He retaliated by stripping Germany of as much

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of its industrial machinery and infrastructure as he could, seizing entire plants and shipping them to the East, where they rusted on railroad sidings.

The second defeat of Germany in less than three decades, and the emergence of an expansionist and imperialist Soviet Union, did not destroy the Bismarckian hopes for a merger of German technology and industrial capacity with Soviet resources, manpower, and markets. On the Soviet side, right up to and through Gorbachev's tenure, Kremlin policy was directed toward separating Germany from NATO, bringing it back together with Russia, accelerating the growth of trade, and renewing strategic ties—policies that are emerging again as President Yeltsin bows to the nationalist-communist coalition.

Germany not only reciprocated by encouraging these moves but actively collaborated, holding itself up to the West as the one country in Europe ready to invest in the Kremlin both politically and economically. It was as much a matter of national policy as it was a money-making ploy that the Federal Republic joined in arming the Kremlin's Arab clients and supplying them with needed parts and technology for nuclear military capabilities, thus adding to the anti-Western imbalance in the Middle East. West Germany, despite its lip-service to NATO and a European union and its dependence on United States power to restrain Eastern bloc adventurism, was clearly reluctant to join American and British efforts against the "Evil Empire."

It was Willy Brandt and the Social Democrats who first openly espoused an *Ostpolitik* redolent of Rapallo and the Seeckt program, but the Christian Democrats were not far behind. Germany today is quietly having second thoughts about European union, but it has acted more vigorously than any of its "allies," despite the economic difficulties attending its unification with East Germany, to give significant aid and guidance to Russia. Germany has been the most active and the most effective in moving in on a turbulent Russia seeking direction. And for a reason. Germany must move east if, in the face of an aggressive Japanese economy and the reformation of world trade, it is to maintain its industrial power. For Germany, the establishment of a power bloc it could lead, including Russia and some of the remnants of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, makes greater political and economic sense than to remain within a Western European conglomerate with which it has been at overt and covert political, economic, and sometimes military war for most of modern history. The kind of "alliance" toward which the two countries have historically, though spasmodically, moved would not only create an economic and power bloc astride Eurasia from the Rhine to the Pacific but would give Germany a finger on the nuclear trigger.

Today's Germany is not the Prussia of old. Nor can it employ an Austro-Hungarian formula not viable since the end of World War I. The Austro-Hungarian emperors could happily assent to the adage: *Alii bella gerent; tu, felix Austria, nube.* "Let others wage war; you, happy Austria, marry." The old dynasties—political or economic—are gone, and a modern Germany has learned that trade and industrial might are a better means of achieving hegemony than war and royal ties. So one umbrella covering a unified Germany and much of the Russian land mass need not raise specters of an Orwellian future. But it is nevertheless true that the world is moving in old ways to new destinations. What we are seeing is the formation of new economic coalitions of great significance. With a Germany seeking a Bismarckian destiny to the East, the world may well face an economic concentration that will shift the balance of power and create a "New World Order" that will hardly be to America's liking or advantage and will make its problems with Japan seem minuscule in comparison.

Prophecy is a dangerous occupation, and though history does not repeat itself, it is frequently given to plagiarism. If the past is prelude, the future may, *mutatis mutandis*, be a function of what has been—with World War II, the Cold War, and the Russo-German symbiosis revealing themselves as a continuum. No policy for the United Sates, or NATO for that matter, can make sense if this is ignored. It is true that generals prepare for the previous war and statesmen for earlier historical formulations. But to ignore the past is to compromise the future. In the next 100 years, the lion will not lie with the lamb nor the lamb with the coyote. And history will move as it always has—an ebb and flow that dates back to the time when the Egyptians believed that their future was as certain as the overflow of the Nile. Their error lived on through Assyria, Babylonia, Greece, Rome, and the British Empire. That is no reason for adding to the list the first and greatest republic in the modern world.

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Song

by Peter Russell

A garden without weeds
A city with no slums
A fruit with no seeds
A cracker with no crumbs
Sanskrit without tears
A bee without a sting
Childbirth without fears
Ears that never sing
A mathematics with no sums
A heart that never bleeds—
May the rose without a thorn
Never on earth be born

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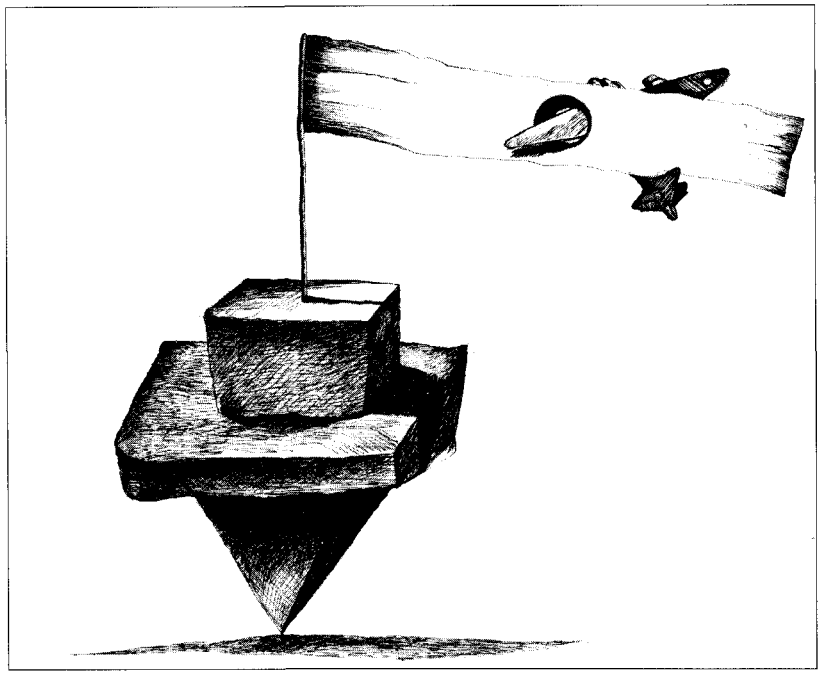
The Eternal Regiment

The Continuing Saga of the 442nd

by Ralph Walker-Willis



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

World War II has been over for 50 years now. Most veterans of that war, myself included, have long put the war behind them, their sacrifices and achievements dimmed by faltering memories and the passage of time. Few people remember, including some veterans, the names or numbers of the old outfits, their combat records and accomplishments, and the pride that soldiers and the country had in them.

Not so for the so-called "all Japanese-American" 442nd Infantry Regiment, the "most decorated" American unit of World War II. This regiment has been hailed—along with its accomplishments, medals, decorations, and awards—for a half-century now, doubtless making it the most recognizable regiment of the entire war. If asked to name a World War II unit, most schoolchildren in this country would probably name the 442nd, so ingrained in their minds is this hallowed group. It has been touted as the fiercest American fighting unit ever assembled. James Michener, in his novel *Hawaii*, has none other than Hitler himself shaking in his boots at the news that the 442nd has been lined up against his Panzer divisions. "Destroy the Japanese," he has Hitler order, as if all other Allied troops in Europe were inconsequential. Even the congressional bill that awarded $20,000 tax-free to every Japanese-American who was interned or relocated during the war was designated "H.R. 442"; the reparations totaled some $1.2 billion. The politicians who supported this bill never failed to mention the "most decorated" status of the 442nd to justify their support of reparations.

The amount of propaganda about this unit circulated by the Japanese-American community and its supporters is truly astounding. Little known is the fact that the "442nd" absorbed the battle-scarred remains of the 100th Battalion from Hawaii, activated in 1942 and deployed to Europe in 1943. The 442nd did not even dock in Naples until May 1944, all of which is important to remember when digesting the award and casualty totals the Japanese-American community today claims for the "442nd." Moreover, the 442nd was not an "all Japanese-American" combat force. Over 400 Caucasian Americans served alongside their Nisei comrades. Of its ten officers killed in action, eight were Caucasian, a fact that the Japanese community is still reluctant to acknowledge.

Nor have Japanese-American leaders been forthright in their representation of the internment issue, which, as stated above, is often viewed in light of the hallowed 442nd. Seldom discussed are the more than 15,000 German- and Italian-Americans who also were relocated and interned during the war. The politically correct argument is that the Euro-Americans were relocated and interned because they were a potential threat; the Japanese-Americans were relocated and interned because of "racism." In fact, when the government wanted to close the relocation centers in December 1944—long before the war's end—Japanese-American leaders both in and out of the relocation centers lobbied Washington *not* to close them. Among their many reasons: the evacuees' lands had been leased for the *duration* of the war; some of the Japanese nationals were still not convinced that Japan would lose the war; and as Lillian Baker reported in her 1991 book *The japanning of America: Redress & Reparations Demands by Japanese-Americans* ("japanning" referring to the process of blackening fabric or metal; in this case, the varnishing of truth and the blackening of America's honor), some of the Japanese "frankly never

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Ralph Walker-Willis writes from Hemet, California.

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had it so good, being given three meals a day, a bed, medical attention, and no requirement to 'work' for any of this and [some of them] actually wept when the relocation centers were closed. This meant these men were going from non-labor back to stoop labor."

If asked to name a World War II unit, most schoolchildren in this country would probably name the 442nd, so ingrained in their minds is this hallowed group. It has been touted as the fiercest American fighting unit ever assembled. James Michener, in his novel *Hawaii*, has none other than Hitler himself shaking in his boots at the news that the 442nd has been lined up against his Panzer divisions.

Remember, all that the evacuees were required to do to be released from the relocation centers—and from the dances, dinners, concerts, parties, schools, and graduation ceremonies that the centers provided the children and their families at taxpayers' expense, which Japanese-American lobbyists in the 1980's described as "pain and hardship"—was to pledge allegiance to the United States and to resettle in one of the 44 available states not designated a military zone. Even Mas Odoi, president of the 442nd Memorial Association, admitted in testimony before a United States Senate hearing in 1984 that the evacuees were by no means "imprisoned" in "concentration camps," that they were free to leave upon certifying their loyalty to this country, that the "majority of people that are active [in the redress and reparations movement] are the *Sanseis* and young *Niseis* who were not born or were small children at the time," and that the *Personal Justice Denied* report by the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians is "very biased" and "decidedly pro-redress because the moderate voices [in the Japanese-American community] have been largely squelched."

Controversy also remains over the number of personal decorations reportedly won by soldiers of the 442nd. An August 7, 1945, report by the 442nd itself put the total number of awards at 1,002. A May 1, 1946, report by the Infantry Journal Press of Washington, D.C., cited 3,915. In Max Herman's 1974 book *Japanese in America*, the total was 5,969. In an April 1986 *National Geographic* article, the award count had climbed to 18,000. The *Personal Justice Denied* report put the total at 18,143, and this is the figure cited in Chester Tanaka's 1974 book *Go For Broke*.

The number of Purple Hearts awarded the 442nd varies as well. Most accounts today cite a total of 9,486, but Captain Orville Shirley (one of the Caucasian soldiers of the 442nd) documented in a 1946 report by the Infantry Journal Press a total of 2,490, roughly the same number of Purple Hearts awarded each of the Marine Corps regiments participating in the Battle of Iwo Jima, which is astounding when one remembers that Iwo Jima was one of the Marines' bloodiest battles. And again, what is rarely pointed out is that 724 of these Purple Hearts went to Caucasian members of the 442nd, not Nisei.

Moreover, this figure of 9,486 casualties confounds Shelby L. Stanton's research in his exhaustive *World War II: Order of Battle*. Stanton lists the *average* regimental casualty totals of the three divisions the 442nd served with (the 34th, 36th, and 92nd) as *1000* per regiment. In other words, the 442nd today claims nine and a half times *more* casualties than the *average* of all other regiments in those three divisions. This revelation (long covered up because of racism? the high body counts the result of attempted genocide?) should be cause for a congressional investigation.

So, how did the number of medals increase from 1,002 in 1945, and from 3,915 in 1946, to 18,143, as is now claimed? And how did the casualty count increase from 2,490 in 1946 to the current figure of 9,486? I tried to get answers to these questions by contacting the experts in this field: Harry Akuno, Chairman of the 442nd Association of Los Angeles; author Chester Tanaka; and Mas Odoi in Seattle—no response from any of them. I then posed these questions in a letter to Phil Coleman, Senior Librarian of the Japanese-American Library in Lomita, California. He replied: "Today, the U.S. is reconciling its awards of medals for Vietnam soldiers. We can factually say that more Vietnam War medals have been issued today, for a variety of reasons, than since the end of the war. That is true for the Nisei units during World War II. After reconciling the types and numbers of medals that were not issued (again for a variety of reasons), the number has correctly been adjusted upwards." In real numbers, this means the 442nd Regiment has received *17,141 more* medals since the end of the war (or *14,228 more* medals if using the 1946, not 1945, figures), including an astounding *6,996 more* Purple Hearts.

In a March 28, 1984, article in a Los Angeles newspaper, Mas Odoi explained that "my brother and I wrote the Congressional Medal of Honor citation for Pfc. Sadao Munemori after it had been rejected. We helped to win numerous awards for the heroes of the 100th Battalion of the 442nd Regiment by laboring from morning until late at night for months." If true, this lobbying method is a far cry from the time-honored procedure that requires a written recommendation for awards and medals from a superior officer who had witnessed the gallant deed.

The 442nd was indeed a crack outfit. But many WWII Army and Marine Corps regiments were crack outfits. For example, soldiers of the 30th Infantry Regiment earned 8,144 personal decorations, and to my knowledge this figure has not undergone a threefold increase since 1945. In other words, the old story about the 442nd being the "most decorated" unit of the war must be seen in the proper light. This claim reportedly came from General Mark Clark of the 5th Army, with the qualification "for its size and length of service." Since

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the 442nd was only activated for about one year, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to track down another group of like size and time served to make a valid comparison, whatever the true figures are.

General Clark, in his 1950 book *Calculated Risk*, makes no mention of the 442nd at all, but he does briefly mention that the 100th Battalion earned 89 personal awards and decorations. Winston Churchill, in his six-volume *The Second World War*, never mentioned the Japanese-American unit. Nor did General Eisenhower in *Crusade in Europe*, or General Omar Bradley in *A Soldier's Story*, and not a word about the unit is found in *A Soldier's Record* by Field Marshal Kesselring of the German Army in Italy. Simply put, the reputation of the 442nd is largely a postwar phenomenon.

As for the seven Presidential Unit Citations awarded the 442nd, this is certainly impressive, and unprecedented. It is also well known that President Harry Truman was smitten with this unit. In addition to awarding it numerous decorations, he even held a White House reception for the entire regiment after the war, another unprecedented act. This old Army guy from World War I who had an ingrained dislike for marines—he denigrated them as "the Navy's police force" whose "propaganda machine . . . is almost equal to Stalin's" and tried to have the Corps disarmed and disbanded—even granted full presidential pardons to 267 Nisei draft dodgers.

Roger Daniels, in his 1971 book *Concentration Camps USA: Japanese-Americans and World War II*, gives an accurate account of how the military fawned upon the 442nd from the very start:

> From the very beginning, the Army gave special treatment to the Japanese-American units. In May 1943 . . . due to a suggestion by Assistant Secretary of War John McCloy, the 442nd was given its own band even though the normal Army T.O. [Table of Organization] did not authorize a band for a Regimental Combat Team. . . . Military honors of all kinds were showered upon the Nisei troops as they became the "most decorated" unit in the Army. Historians must insist that this particular accolade be largely meaningless.

There is also great controversy concerning those Nisei who served in the Pacific during the war. Known as "Nisei Language Personnel" or "Nisei Interpreters," they later assumed the title "Nisei Military Intelligence" and claimed that because of their intelligence services the war was shortened by two years and a million American lives were saved. This accolade reportedly came from General Douglas MacArthur, or from his intelligence chief, General Willoughby. It was directed, however, at the true World War II Military Intelligence personnel, which the Nisei took to mean themselves. According to David Lowman—former Special Assistant to the Director of the National Security Agency, former intelligence officer, and renowned authority on World War II intelligence—"It is absolutely untrue that Japanese-Americans were involved in these [intelligence] activities. Rightly or wrongly, they were excluded from these operations throughout the Pacific War—because of security considerations." Admiral Edwin Layton, Chief of Intelligence for the Pacific Fleet under admirals Kimmel and Nimitz, states in his book *And I Was There* that "the intelligence obtained from enemy radio traffic provided Admiral Nimitz with the tactical and strategic key to his Pacific campaign. Even General MacArthur was to concede that radio intelligence 'saved us many thousands of lives and shortened the war by no less than two years.'" Admiral Layton was referring to *Caucasian* naval intelligence officers. He makes no mention at all of the work or services of Nisei or Japanese-Americans.

An artillery unit of the 442nd even claims to have liberated the concentration camp at Dachau. Governor John Waihee of Hawaii said point-blank in August 1991 that the Nisei 442nd was responsible for "liberating Dachau" and "ending the holocaust." The fact is that I Company 3rd Battalion, 157th Infantry of the 45th Division, was the unit that liberated Dachau; its lead scout was Pfc. John Degro, the first American to enter the camp. After the capture of more than 50 SS Nazi guards, the infantry dispensed food, clothing, and medical supplies to the camp's prisoners—all of which occurred long before the arrival of supporting forces of the 7th Army, which the 522nd Field Artillery Battalion, also a combined force of Caucasians and Japanese-Americans, had joined after being separated from the 442nd. Now, the 522nd may at some later time have entered Dachau as part of the 7th Army. But again, the 522nd—like the 442nd in general—was never an "all Japanese-American" unit. All of the officers at the 522nd's Battalion Headquarters were Caucasian. Of 11 officers in the Headquarters Battery, eight were Caucasians. Of the 27 officers leading Batteries A, B, and C, *only four were Japanese-Americans*. As retired Colonel Howard A. Beuchner, author of *Dachau* and the first medical officer to enter the camp upon its liberation, concludes: "I am familiar with the claim that the Japanese 442nd Regimental Combat Team liberated the Dachau concentration camp. This claim is absolutely invalid. . . . This is erroneous information." As erroneous as the claim made by a recent "documentary" that the "real" liberator was an all-black unit of the U.S. Army.

Retired Lt. Col. Homer R. Ankrum, author of *The 34th Division*, adds this:

> The 442nd RCT surely had—and still has—an outstanding public relations and press capability. . . . I can't even venture to guess how the 100th Battalion and 442nd awards could show such a variance over the years. If my memory serves me right, awards recommendations had to be substantiated within three years after the action for which the award was recommended. Everyone I interviewed had a high regard for the 100th Bn. . . . Some stated they felt the 100th had more awards approved due to the fact they were Japanese-Americans and the publicity was good for other Nisei back in the States.

The Nisei's public-relations ventures have never ceased. They continue to push for a memorial to their wartime achievements—specifically, their names engraved on a wall of granite in downtown Los Angeles's Little Tokyo, a project for which the city government has generously offered tax money.

It is doubtful if many World War II veterans can recite the number of awards issued to his battalion or regiment; I know I cannot. I do not even remember the number of awards issued me. Most combat veterans have also long since abandoned whatever beefed-up tales they may have told of their war experiences to impress the ladies or to awe noncombatants. Is it not time the Nisei followed suit?

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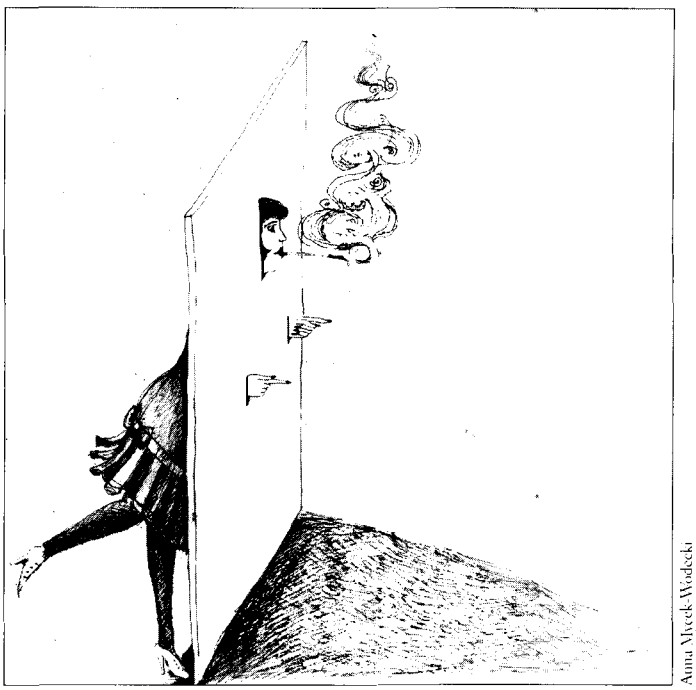
Alice of Malice

The Other Side of Rooseveltism

by Bill Kauffman



Anna Mrozek-Wodecki

The true nature of the New Deal was revealed in one of those brilliant ironies that flash lightning-like in a midnight storm. It happened September 13, 1933, the Nativity of a new secular holiday: NRA Day. An interminable parade up New York's Fifth Avenue celebrated the National Recovery Administration, which was to set prices, fix wages, control production, and otherwise cartelize the economy. More than 250,000 cheerful serfs marched; many carried the Blue Eagle, emblem of the NRA. Wolves whistled at the comely duo of Miss NRA and Miss Liberty, whose bathing suits encouraged monopolistic fantasies.

Yes, there was no doubt about it, the People were in charge now! The plutocrats were on the run; the common man, led by his paladin Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose publicists merrily admitted him to be a "traitor to his class," was ascendant. The canaille cortege filed past the reviewing stand. And looking down on the happy masses from high atop the platform of dignitaries stood the New York coordinator of the NRA, that notorious scourge of the money-changers, W. Averell Harriman.

The revolution was on.

No family did more to facilitate our passage from republic to empire than the Roosevelts, both the Hyde Park and Sagamore Hill branches. Our pious canting imperialism, the favoring of big over small business, the bloating of the executive, the centralization of power in Washington, permanent involvement in the affairs of Europe, conscription, confiscatory taxation: the kissing cousins Roosevelt hammered gilt nails in our coffin.

Yet the Roosevelt coin has a reverse side, which we would do well to consider: it is patrician dissent, the self-assured radical criticism begat of proprietary patriotism, and it has no more vivid incarnation than the Roosevelt stray who terrorized her kinfolk with frivolity and witty malice: Alice Roosevelt Longworth.

Alice, daughter of Theodore, is today remembered, if at all, as a tart-tongued termagant tossing off *bons mots* boiled in acid. Her remark to an unattached woman at a dinner party—"If you haven't got anything good to say about anyone, come and sit by me"—was a nugget mined from the Philip Barry/Noel Coward quarry, and indeed, a thinly disguised Alice was the heroine of a crackling George S. Kaufman-Katharine Dayton play, *First Lady* (1935).

But there was much more to her than martini wit. Like all the best dissidents, she believed that this country belonged to her. As an old woman, she said that she could still "hear my father and Cabot Lodge talking about Jefferson as if he were an obnoxious neighbor of theirs." She was unimpressed by power, impervious to the discreet charms of the Potomacists. Alice had a Hamiltonian bloodline, and she lacked, to put it kindly, the demotic touch, but her horror of internationalism drove her into the arms—literally, gossip had it in a couple of cases—of an Old Republic remnant that included such buckskin populists and reactionaries as Senators James Reed of Missouri, William E. Borah of Idaho, and Thomas P. Gore of

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Bill Kauffman is the author of a novel, Every Man a King; *a travel book,* Country Towns of New York; *and the forthcoming* America First! Its History, Culture, and Politics, *from which this essay derives.*

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Oklahoma.

There was little in her girlhood to indicate that Alice would be anything other than a luminous party flirt. "I can be President of the United States," her exasperated father told Owen Wister, "or I can attend to Alice. I can't do both." She was a pretty gamine of irrepressibly high spirits; she smoked and drank and danced and played the ponies and went to boxing matches and honed her wit on the whetstone of mordancy. Popular songs celebrated her; fashion designers mass-marketed the Alice style.

As a teenager in the White House she was a legendary brat, an admitted "selfish and defiant" child, and something of a witch: on the last evening of her father's presidency, she buried "a bad little idol" in the White House lawn to hex the stolid Ohio Tafts. (She later became young Robert's vociferous champion.)

She was funny, in the way that ostentatiously frank people are. Asked how she felt when she learned that Leon Czolgosz and an incompetent Buffalo physician had killed William McKinley, admitting Theodore Roosevelt to the White House, Alice confessed to "utter rapture" and said she had danced "a little jig." She gaily admitted that if not for Czolgosz "we would probably all have been back in our brownstone-front houses and I would have doubtless married for money and been divorced for good cause."

As it happened, she married the bald boozing Congressman (later Speaker of the House) Nicholas Longworth of the dreaded city of "Cincin-nasty." Borah had once said, "I'd rather be right than President." Alice, adapting the remark to her husband, noted, "He'd rather be tight than President."

Filial loyalties led her into her first and most successful political fight: defeat of United States entry into the League of Nations. Part of the fight was personal: she despised Woodrow Wilson for his refusal to allow her recently deceased father to raise a division of reconstituted Rough Riders at war's outset. "I never forgive the persons who injure those I love," she snarled.

But Alice was no longer the naughty hoyden boasting, "I care for nothing except to amuse myself in a charmingly expensive way." She was a budding nationalist, fearful, she said, that Woodrow Wilson wanted to submerge her father's country in a global Federation of the World of which the dour Princeton moralist would be headmaster. The league, she argued, "would pledge us to active participation in the affairs of Europe—indeed, of the whole world—[and] would pledge us in advance regardless of our interests, to use our armed and economic forces when questions arose which were of no possible concern to us."

"Alice in the anti-Wilson fight was a feline figure and one often ready with talons," recalled Jonathan Daniels, son of Wilson's Secretary of the Navy. Her salon on M Street became headquarters of the "Irreconcilables": those senators unalterably opposed to joining the league, which Senator Borah called a "conspiracy to barter the independence of the American Republic." This hardy band was tagged the Battalion of Death; Alice was dubbed "Colonel of Death." She and Ruth (Mrs. Medill) McCormick monitored the debate from the Senate gallery. (Ruth's father, Mark Hanna, might have saved us this trouble had he more forcefully pressed his doubts about empire on his Ohio client William McKinley in 1898.) Day in and day out Alice prowled the Senate, often conferring with Medill McCormick and her closest ally, Connecticut's rascally gentleman Frank Brandegee.

Closer, in a different way, was Borah, who is widely believed to have fathered Alice's only child. (Wags called her "Aurora Borah Alice.") The Lion of Idaho, the spearless leader, roared anathemas on the league and its internationalist sponsors. "Run up the American flag and let the traitors pull it down if they dare," he boomed, and Alice loved it. She even reached into her bag of witchery, standing outside the White House on the night of President Wilson's return from Paris and chanting the curse, "A murrain on him, a murrain on him." This, truly, was American paganism's finest hour.

Alice's incessant gossiping provided valuable intelligence. She learned who was leaning which way, and when suasion was necessary she stuck the needle as only caustic-spitting ladies can. "Hello, Mr. Wobbly," Alice took to greeting Cabot Lodge, who she suspected—rightly—was not averse to compromise. ("You can't amend treason," said Borah of the proposed GOP treaty reservations.)

She told one and all that she was sure that Fa-tha would have opposed American membership in the league as a "complete surrender of our independence as a nation." (Or as Borah put it, "the League of Nations makes it necessary for America to give back to George V what it took away from George III.") Alice probably misunderstood her father, thank God. "Megaphone of Mars," as novelist Henry B. Fuller mocked him, had been bully for war, as this son of a substitute-buying Civil War draft-dodger always was; TR had called Senator La Follette an "unhung traitor" for his isolationism. In 1914, impatient for President Wilson to renounce neutrality, Roosevelt envisioned "a great world agreement among all the civilized military powers *to back righteousness by force*." This "World League for the Peace of Righteousness" was to adjudicate international disputes and, when necessary, bring "the collective armed power of civilization" to bear against recalcitrants. This global police force is the logical consequence of the collective security provision of Alice's hated Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and Alice's vehemence on the matter, while partially traceable to the enmity she bore against Wilson, also shows the increasingly independent cast of her mind. The deb who had gone gleefully "panting after my parent, longing to go into the First World War," was becoming a sharp critic of foreign entanglements. She would never become what her father most detested—a pacifist—but she did grow up to be one of those "little old ladies in tennis shoes" whose American soles ushered in the peace and comity that marked the 1920's and 30's.

In the league fight we sight the contours of realignment, the scrapping of meaningless party distinctions and their replacement with . . . what? The provincial-cosmopolitan bipolarity is out, scuttled by the coupling of Idaho's Borah and soigné Alice. Centralist-decentralist is better, as are Little American-globalist and imperialist-republican. Whatever the taxonomy, and whether the treaty marked a sellout of our independence, as Alice asserted, or whether, as La Follette charged, it was "a treaty of financial imperialists, of exploiters, of bankers, of all monopolists, who sought through mandates to sanctify and make permanent a redistribution of the spoils of the world and to cement forever the stranglehold of the power of gold on the defenseless peoples of the earth," natural allies did battle under the Americanist banner.

The victorious patriots gathered at the Longworth residence

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on November 19, 1919, to celebrate the Senate defeat of the Versailles Treaty over a midnight dinner of scrambled eggs. The whole gang was there: atrabilious Missouri Senator Reed, the brilliant Jeffersonian toper; Oklahoma populist Senator Gore and his wife; the McCormicks; the Hardings; the Frelinghuysens; Borah (without the missus); and aristocratic senators Lodge, Brandegee, and Wadsworth, among others. "Mrs. Harding cooked the eggs," Alice archly recalled in her 1933 autobiography *Crowded Hours*, a listless effort which Maxwell Perkins cajoled her to write.

The Lion lay down with the Longworth; the sons of the wild jackass drank cocktails with the daughters of Pilgrims. The league issue was of such magnitude that the detritus of past quarrels over domestic issues was swept aside. Next year, Alice supported the dim-bulb family friend General Leonard Wood for the Republican presidential nomination, though she was also fond of her father's Bull Moose running mate, California Senator Hiram Johnson, whose campaign theme was his "100 percent Americanism." He did not mean by this a petty xenophobia or insistence upon loyalty oaths that no real patriot would ever dream of signing; rather, Johnson upheld fidelity to one's little corner of the world.

Johnson's platform was normalcy itself. "It is time for an American policy," he declared in 1919. "Bring home American soldiers. Rescue our own democracy. Restore its free expression. Get American business into its normal channels. Let American life, social and economic, be American again." The tragedy of 20th-century American politics is that the faithless took over, and men like Hiram Johnson were cast out into a wilderness, where they died, graves unmarked, and from which their heirs have yet to return.

Though he polled the most primary votes, Johnson's bid fell short, as did the foolish Wood's. Alice withheld the endorsement of the Sagamore Hill Roosevelts until eventual Republican nominee Warren G. Harding, whom she liked as a poker pal but disrespected as a lightweight, promised a hard-line antileague stance.

Alice roared through the 20's carrying a flask of bootleg bourbon and a copy of the Constitution in her capacious purse. Borah sounded, at times, like Alice's father, as he denounced "this weakening, simpering, sentimental internationalism which would destroy national character and undermine nationalism" and insisted upon the cultivation of "an American mind, an American purpose and American ideals." This was Rooseveltian phraseology in service of an anti-Rooseveltian program.

"I am a Republican with a Progressive tradition-inclination," Alice said in 1932. She deplored "lavish Federal spending and drastic Federal control of business and agriculture" and, most of all, any diminution of American sovereignty. Her progressivism was the forgotten kind, that of Amos R.E. Pinchot, the *Nation*'s William Hard, and the New Jersey dynamo George Record. It stood for parsimonious expenditure; for "equal rights for all, special privileges for none"; for the destruction of monopoly by democratically controlled local governments; and for the coiled rattlesnake foreign policy of the Founders. That this progressive tradition was at antipodes with her father's never seemed to cross Alice's mind. (Others understood. The Republican Party of North Dakota, deep-dyed in agrarian antimonopolist radicalism, tried and failed to start an "Alice for Veep" boomlet in 1932.)

And then along came her father's fifth cousin, "Feather Duster" Roosevelt, whom she had long ago dismissed as "the kind of boy whom you invited to the dance but not the dinner." Alice was Eleanor's maid of honor and she introduced Franklin to the elongated cigarette holder, but she could not abide their reign. She sighed, "When I think of Franklin and Eleanor in the White House, I could grind my teeth to powder and blow them out my nose."

The new President, she complained, was "ninety percent mush and ten percent Eleanor." He was hobbling our hale republic. "My poor cousin, he suffered from polio so he was put in a brace; and now he wants to put the entire U.S. into a brace, as if it were a crippled country—that is all the New Deal is about, you know," she said, typically impolitic. Her animus did not keep her from abetting Franklin's affair with Lucy Mercer Rutherford: after all, she later explained, he "deserved a good time. He was married to Eleanor."

Alice undertook a syndicated column that was every bit as insipid as Eleanor's "My Day." She meant to write corrosively funny attacks on the New Deal but, as with *Crowded Hours*, her lively wit sputtered and died somewhere in transit between mind and paper. Besides, her country had become "all body and no soul" and she despaired of the mostly fourth-rate men who stood quakingly in opposition.

Her scorn was withering for the Republican panjandrums who made the party so ineffectual during the critical middle decades of the century. Thomas E. Dewey, of course, was the "bridegroom on a wedding cake"; John Bricker was "just an honest Harding"; Wendell Willkie "sprang from the grassroots of a thousand country clubs." She approved of Calvin Coolidge, but he was dead. She also admired Senator Robert A. Taft, though she conceded that he suffered from "an abundance of lack and shortage of luster." With Taft, at least, we could "return to the ways of our old self-reliance," she told readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* in May 1940. Yes, he was phlegmatic, but "Miss Columbia has had a long and giddy spell being the girlfriend of the whirling dervish. It's time she stopped revolving, chose another partner." (Her paean to Taft is sprinkled with metaphors of physical activity, an obvious taunt of the wheelchair-bound President. Alice did have a mean streak.)

She lobbied energetically against the Supreme Court-packing scheme that backfired on FDR in 1937, and the friendships she forged in that fight with independent liberals like Senator and Mrs. Burton K. Wheeler flowered over the next quadrennium, as old republicans of left and right merged to halt the drift toward war. The friends she acquired in this phase of her life perplex those chroniclers who regard Alice as a bipartisan *bon vivant*. Borah was strange enough, but another rumored swain, United Mine Workers President John L. Lewis, boggles the mind. About the Iowa-born CIO leader she quipped, "He loved making trouble, and I loved watching him make it. It was natural that we should get together."

Lewis also loathed Franklin, but there was more to this than beefy petulance. He was anti-imperialist to the bone. Lewis understood that working men pay war's wages in blood; he was a patriot who believed FDR was a "would-be dictator" under whose misrule "the United States first becomes a militaristic nation, and second, becomes an imperialistic nation." Lewis called 'em the way he saw 'em for the rest of his tumultuous life; even in the Cold War's most frigid phase, he denounced the transfer of wealth from American taxpayers to European

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governments.

Alice bolstered her men in their anti-FDR efforts; the fortifying effect of her slashing Old Right wit is impossible to calculate. She never brought Lewis over to Taft—like Hiram Johnson, he was for Wheeler in 1940—but her charm and magnetism helped cohere the farraginous antiwar movement.

Once more her salon, now in a four-story sandstone just off Du Pont Circle, was a hospice for Americanists who, like Alice, wanted to "keep out this time." Alice was on the national America First Committee and a constant presence at America First rallies, sitting on stage beneath a broad-brimmed hat. She was a director of the potent D.C. chapter of America First; her manner gave the dowdy committee a welcome dash of flair.

Apologists—the kind who believe "America First" is code for Nazi, and scramble to explain away their beloved Mrs. L's fervent isolationism—point to her retrospective crack, "Family feeling enters into it; anything to annoy Franklin." But this was a calculated exculpation of what had come to be defined as a hate crime, for Alice, like most self-consciously outrageous persons, had a keen sense of boundaries, and she knew better, once the myths had hardened, than to advertise her objections to the Holiest Enterprise Ever Undertaken By Man.

Family feeling did enter into it, of course: she regarded herself as keeper of her father's flame, though it is hard to imagine the sanguinary Teddy wanting to sit out the European War of 1939. The lyncean Richard Nixon noted of Alice, "As a devoted admirer of her father, she was first, last, and always a nationalist. Her father, of course, was America's first truly internationalist President." (From her ebullient father she did inherit a passion for learning and life. One can easily imagine Teddy spending a magnificent evening with Edwin Hubble on Mount Wilson at the eyepiece of the 100-inch reflector, as Alice did.)

War came, and America was not to come first again. "Well, Franklin asked for it. Now he's got it," she remarked at lunch on December 7, 1941. After the war, she dabbled in Americanist activities (helping to organize a "United States Day" in 1954 to counter United Nations Day), but mostly she reveled in her role as what she termed "a rather loathsome combination of Marie Dressler and Phyllis Diller."

She got older and more cantankerous and, ultimately, harmless. John F. Kennedy called her "the best company in town." She voted Democratic for the first time in 1964 because she thought Goldwater humorless. She enjoyed the student rebellion because it gave her old nemeses in the Democratic Establishment fits. According to her unsympathetic biographer Carol Felsenthal, Alice as dotard extinguished her father's flame. When a reporter asked in 1977 about the Panama Canal Treaty, she replied, "I don't care what they do with the canal. Who cares? It's there and I don't give a damn. Nothing could bore me more."

In her senescence she recalled, "We were against the League because we hated Wilson. . . . All that nonsense about my killing the League with a bunch of diehard cronies is ridiculous." The earlier self she reimagined belonged in the George S. Kaufman play; it was motivated by spite and jealousy and the desperate need to be an intrigant in the court. This did no justice to the hellcat princess who had thrown herself into valiant battles against "the internationalism that we felt menaced our very existence as an independent nation."

Alice was bigger than a hostess; she was no mere Perle Mesta or Pamela Harriman. Indeed, compare her with Harriman to gauge our free fall. Alice was a Mayflower descendant who guarded her republican birthright with grit and bile. Harriman, Democratic dowager and Clinton's Ambassador to France, is an alien doxy whose reverence for American sovereignty ranks somewhere below her belief in chastity and household economy. Among the trio of husbands that Madam Ambassador has buried is W. Averell Harriman, which is where we came in. Rule by the robber baron or his whore—take your pick.

Alice Roosevelt Longworth did not lead a blameless life. She was, it seems, a horrible mother, by turns domineering and inattentive, and her shy daughter Paulina was a suicide by age 31, though not before the girl found The Bridge by being active in both Twenties for Taft and the anarchist Catholic Worker movement. In this sense, at least, Paulina was very much the daughter of the Republican dame who loved John L. Lewis.

However maculate, Alice had a soul. She laughed, and made others laugh. She brightened the corner where she was, and the light she generated was, as Anne Morrow Lindbergh might say, American . . . American . . . American. She concluded in *Crowded Hours*, "Anyway, the show is there for us, and we might as well get what entertainment we may out of it." That is how one lives to be 96 years of age, sunnily dispensing wicked apothegms as the empire slides into night. c

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Wryneck

by Peter Russell

Held in the hand
This speckled bird
Feigns death
Is wayward

Free in the woods
A snake, it hisses
Master of moods
Of wounds, of kisses

Torn on the wheel
It turns men's hearts
Women conceal
Deathly arts

The Jinx is Death
The speckled bird
Flies out of hand
Is wayward

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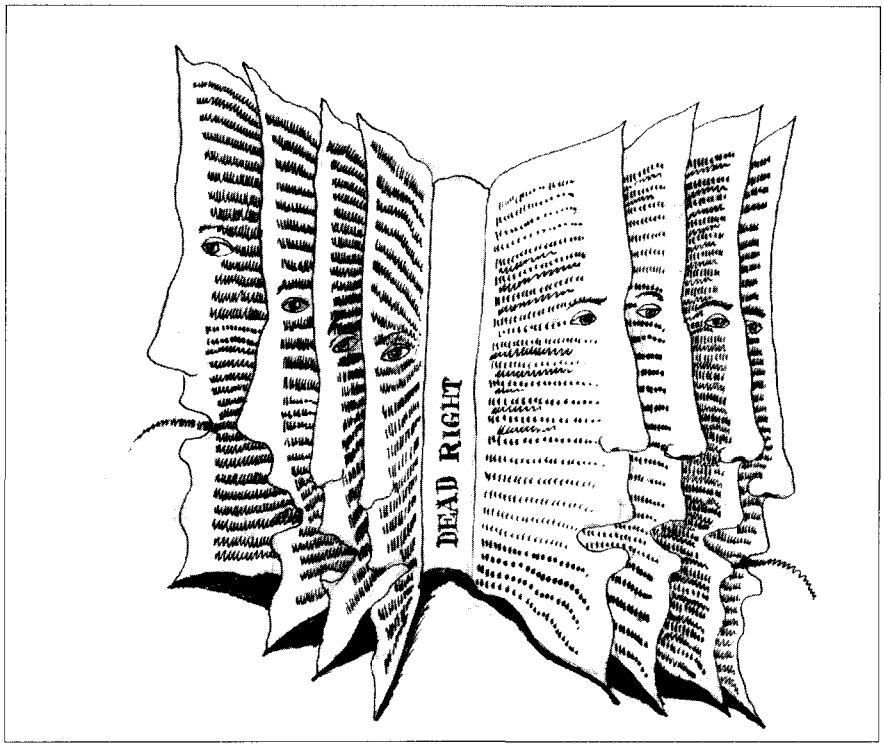
Dead Weight

by Paul Gottfried

"A conservative government is an organized hypocrisy."
—Benjamin Disraeli



Anna Vycek-Wodecki

Dead Right
by David Frum
New York: Basic Books;
220 pp., $ 25.00

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It may speak volumes about American conservatives that David Frum's critique of "big government conservatism" permitted William Buckley—or so Buckley claims on the dust jacket—to enjoy "the most refreshing ideological experience in a generation." To a conservative movement led by advocates of national uplift allied with the federal bureaucracy, Frum's book may offer bracing medicine. Indeed he makes statements, as Jack Beatty has pointed out in the *Washington Post*, that would otherwise be absent from the public discourse, in which paleoconservatives of course are given no standing. Frum makes no secret of the fact that Jack Kemp, William Bennett, and the Heritage Foundation favor a well-funded managerial state, centered in Washington, D.C., and that it is more than the acceptance of the inevitable that makes big government conservatives what they are: some prosper from, and most believe in, the growth of what they now criticize ever more temperately. Apropos Bill Bennett's sermonic intonations, Frum notes the inescapable irony that "conservatives who have worked so hard to destroy the public's faith in government could now talk about government exhorting people to virtue."

Unlike the neoconservatives of the 1980's, who praised any federal agency they happened to occupy, Frum treats the modern administrative state as an unmitigated evil. Its expansion, he tells us, has been encouraged by both major parties and by the Reagan Revolution, despite its overblown rhetoric about defunding federal agencies. Frum treats the religious right indulgently, believing (correctly) that the media have demonized it. But he also stresses the role that reckless enthusiasts of cultural warfare against the left have played in expanding Leviathan. Though unfair when speculating on the motives of Pat Buchanan, Frum is on target when he treats current talk about "Judeo-Christian values" as often a smoke screen for big government conservatives. It is, after all, easier to criticize the government for its failure to promote values than to

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recognize the administrative state as a pernicious parasite. Frum underscores the importance of conservatives' insistence on this hard truth, and the danger of their reliance upon public administrators to instill "family values" in the American citizenry.

In much of this, Frum sounds suspiciously like a paleoconservative, and his borrowings from the enemies of his neoconservative friends and patrons are too obvious to be dismissed. The character assassination to which he resorts in chapter six in describing the nationalist right may even be seen as necessary camouflage. Frum has obtained funding and professional advantage from his neoconservative connections. He was also, for those who may have forgotten, the author of an ugly smear directed against the neocons' *bête noire*, Pat Buchanan, which was published predictably in the *American Spectator*. Having now produced a book that cannot be entirely congenial to his big government sponsors, he offers insidious contrasts between them and their hated opponents. In chapter six he introduces "conservative pessimists" Thomas Fleming, Sam Francis, Murray Rothbard, Lew Rockwell, Pat Buchanan, and Clyde Wilson, after having performed (in chapter four) the same service for "conservative optimists" Jack Kemp, Stuart Butler, and Clinton Bolick. Frum leaves no doubt about which side he prefers. While gently twitting the optimists for their excessive generosity toward minorities, he portrays the pessimists as unreconstructed heavies. Employing a technique perfected in *Commentary*, Frum smears everyone on his right as a Nazi and dehumanizes such right-wingers by heaping upon them the epithets "demented," "xenophobic," "racist," and "anti-Semitic."

In these descriptions, Frum plays hard and loose with the facts. How does he know, for example, that Sam Francis's "bitterness against the neoconservatives was aggravated" when Francis was bypassed for an editorship at the *Washington Times*? (Francis expressed more interest at the time in being a columnist than he did in the editorial slot that went to John Podhoretz's former roommate.) In any case, there is no evidence that Francis has castigated neocons more vehemently since that alleged incident than he did before. And what useful information does Frum intend to convey by making Francis into "a huge man with a bright red face, who puffs cigarettes below anachronistic horn-rims"? This purple prose immediately follows the first awkward effort at creative writing: a paragraph earlier, the author describes Thomas Fleming as "a bearded leftover from the 1960's, an unsuccessful poet, briefly a teacher of Classics at a small Southern college, who drifted into journalism and found himself in Rockford." Contrary to the snide innuendo, Tom Fleming's academic credentials are not questionable. Recipient of a doctorate in classics from the University of North Carolina and a faculty member there and at Miami of Ohio, as well as an internationally respected Hellenist, Fleming has far better scholarly claims than any of the neocon authors of fictive or exiguous doctoral dissertations.

On page 148, Frum devotes more invective to misrepresenting a speech by Murray Rothbard, given at a John Randolph Club meeting in January 1992. He maintains that Rothbard, a candidate for the "booby hatch," delivered an "insane" defense of anti-Semitism, lamenting the expulsion of Jew-haters from the respectable American right. Having been present for that speech, I observed none of the insanity attributed to the speaker. Rothbard merely observed that on the unreformed Old Right, he, a Jew, had rubbed elbows with those suspected of being—and possibly with some who *were*—anti-Semites. Everyone, he assured us, had got along, but there were no AIPAC or NAACP litmus tests for those who wished to identify themselves as conservatives. While it may be justifiable to scold the Old Right for its excessive tolerance, Rothbard did not defend anti-Semitism, unless he gave another speech at which I was not present. The one I recall, which Frum takes the liberty to decontextualize, targeted the neocon-Buckleyite inquisition; Rothbard complained that this "smearbund" had been unleashed against the resurgent Old Right. And on page 157, Frum introduces the personification of his worst fears, the reactionary xenophobe from "Nordic Sweden," Claes Ryn, whom Frum accuses of having taught in his polemic *The New Jacobinism* that "nationalist conservatives must reassert the truth of particularity." In all likelihood Frum never read this tract, which defends constitutional democracy and has nothing to do with immigration. Not content with fraud, however, Frum moves on to compound insult with injury. He attaches to his misrepresentation of *The New Jacobinism* a ringing defense of cultural particularity, but one written by Francis, not Ryn.

Even more misleading is Frum's depiction of the origins of *Chronicles*, a publication he recently denigrated on C-SPAN. According to his account, the magazine was designed as a vehicle for a cranky Eastern European "who thought America was going to hell." *Chronicles*' founder Leopold Tyrmand, a Polish Jew, was in fact a fervent American patriot who never tired of praising his adopted homeland. What was wrong with America, Tyrmand insisted, was the work of "a few intellectuals" and should not be blamed on the American people. It was only after his death that *Chronicles*' critical focus expanded to include American society in general.

We also learn that paleolibertarian Lew Rockwell does not speak kindly of Martin Luther King, Jr. But Frum supplies compelling reasons for Rockwell's hostility to the civil rights leader, among them King's plagiarisms, lechery, vulgar Marxist rantings, and forced elevation by the national media to the status of a deity. Most of all, Frum explains, paleos dislike King as an advocate of "forced integration" and of the political empowerment of American blacks. Here he happens to be right, and it behooves me, having dodged this issue when he addressed a question to me at a meeting of the Philadelphia Society, to provide a straight answer. A onetime Taft Republican driven to the politics of cultural despair, I must sadly agree with Rockwell's judgment of the civil rights movement. In a piece published by the *Wall Street Journal* last August, Irving Kristol comes perilously close to joining us on this point. Kristol emphasizes the unavoidable connection between the Supreme Court's decision in *Brown* v. *The Board of Education* and the forced social reconstruction being pushed by judges and government agencies. Unlike Frum, Kristol, Rockwell, and I have trouble squaring the aims of the civil rights movement with the dual federalism and distributed powers under which Americans once lived. From this historical perspective, there is a seamless web of proliferating mandates, federal agencies, and claims advancing victim groups extending from the landmark civil rights cases of the 50's to the politically correct present. Paleos, who have underscored

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these continuities without regard for the price they have had to pay for their candor, believe they should be obvious to anyone but a knave or a fool. Forced busing was mandated by the Supreme Court as early as the Mecklenburg case in 1956; Martin Luther King by the early 60's advocated both reparations by whites and racial quotas in hiring as soon as it became politically advisable to do so. Contrary to an error in Kristol's otherwise passable piece, "moderate" civil rights advocate Hubert Humphrey, like super-liberal George McGovern, endorsed hiring quotas for blacks during his last term in the Senate.

Allow me to express further what timidity kept me from telling Frum. Whereas blacks were certainly within their moral and constitutional rights to boycott segregated transportation services in the 50's, it is equally defensible for Americans today to regret black political empowerment. William Buckley's ominous warnings about the Voting Rights Act of 1965 turned out to be prophetic. Black voters have become increasingly the footsoldiers of the managerial class, supporting directly and indirectly the growth of unaccountable federal power to deal with "discrimination." Before the civil rights revolution, as Frum undoubtedly knows, the welfare state was concerned almost entirely with redistributing income and regulating commerce in favor of its clients, particularly organized labor. Since those days, an expanded welfare state has focused on modifying social behavior, sensitizing designated victimizers, and raising—at public expense—the self-esteem of designated minorities. This new agenda is not unrelated to the civil rights cause that Frum sacralizes, even as he rails against the welfare state. In fact, he seems concerned less that "conservative optimist" Stuart Butler has asked the "right" to modify its opposition to minority quotas than that Lew Rockwell does not revere Martin Luther King.

On some points I agree with Frum, in opposition to my paleo friends. Like him, I balk at the paleo appeal to nationalism, though I do respect Southern regionalism as a genuine conservative force. I also share John Lukacs's perception regarding the necessary conflict between regionalists and patriots on the one side and nationalists on the other. While one group is actuated by filial pietism and reverence for an ancestral home, the other is driven by expansionist ambitions and consuming dislike for a national enemy. Like Frum, I think that Pat Buchanan was inconsistent in calling for American support of besieged Dubrovnik while elevating national interest as the sole criterion of a sound foreign policy.

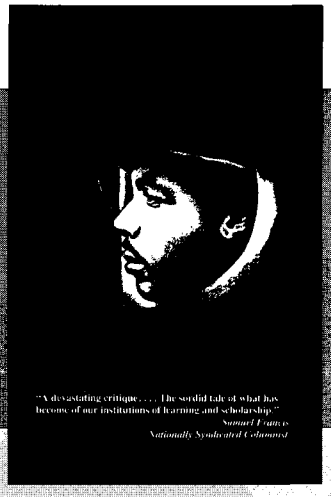
But unlike Frum, I do welcome the efforts of those lonely few who ask useful and even courageous political questions. And by these few, I do not mean Frum's patrons and their zombie armies but those he mocks as "conservative pessimists." It is they who stand defiantly outside of the orchestrated political conversation, make nonprogrammed observations about self-government, liberty, and citizenship, and debate these matters loudly and irreverently, as befits men of honor, without that legacy of democratic centralism that Frum's circle have taken from their Eastern European leftist past. I do not suggest that paleos are always persuasive in their arguments. What does render them indispensable at this point, however, is the sharpness of their questioning—what the Greeks called *erotesis*. In this the work of the paleos contrasts vividly with those neutered or belated reformulations of their discourses produced by their neocon detractors. While the neocons were still celebrating "The Reagan Revolution," the paleos were charting the growth of the managerial state in the Reagan years. It was also the paleos who rejected the neocons' bogus dichotomy between the moderate and the radical civil rights movements. Paleos have never hesitated to point out the overlaps between the two; they rightly insist, moreover, that all phases of 1960's liberalism led in the same direction, toward a regime of therapeutic managers operating in defiance of civilized political norms and of constitutionally limited government.

Frum and his patrons are accustomed to pillaging in private those whom they savage in public. Thus Frum seems to have helped himself to the research of Jeff Tucker, done in preparation for an essay on Jack Kemp that appeared in *National Review* on August 1. Though Tucker treated Kemp more indulgently than he had in exposés written for *Chronicles* and the *Christian Science Monitor*, I suspect the worst, having read both men's work in a single sitting: some borrowing of statistical data and even of phraseology took place. And in studying the welfare state's war against the family, Frum may have gone to another pariah source, the published works of Allan Carlson of the Rockford Institute, whom he introduces as an eccentric antimilitarist as well as the president of "one of the oldest, if least effective, of conservative think tanks."

A final unpleasantness is Frum's portrayal of the authentic political right, whose members he depicts as physically repulsive and generally corpulent. In point of fact, these maligned figures generally have the appearance of middle-aged yuppies, while those who are overweight may only be approximating the condition of David Frum, as is evident from his picture on the dust jacket. Unattractive and out-of-shape neocons would better employ their time in physical, rather than literary, exercise. c

THE MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., PLAGIARISM STORY

Edited by THEODORE PAPPAS



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Colonizing Europe

by Michael Washburn

Radical Right-Wing Populism in Western Europe
by Hans-Georg Betz
New York: St. Martin's Press;
226 pp., $18.95

◆

Over the past two decades, Western Europe's populist right has steadily consolidated its power. According to Professor Betz, the issue that galvanizes supporters of the populist parties is Third World immigration. Whether the right-wing parties will ever muster the popular support they need to win parliamentary majorities depends on how successfully the governments of Western Europe contend with the deepening immigration crisis.

These same governments deserve at least some of the blame for the crisis. Facing a severe labor shortage, they neglected to prosecute businessmen who illegally recruited workers in the Third World. Germany's Federal Bureau of Labor and France's Office of National Immigration actively recruited laborers in Morocco, Algeria, Korea, Turkey, and other Third World countries, assisting the workers in their journey to Europe. Hundreds of thousands of poor non-Westerners poured into France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, and other European countries in the late 1960's and early 70's. Confronted with a sudden rise in the rates of violent crime and welfare dependency, many Western Europeans began to question the soundness of their governments' policies.

Unnerved by rising popular resentment over the unchecked influx of foreigners, these governments tried to soothe voters and preserve the consensus that kept them in power by sharply curbing the recruitment of foreign labor by businesses based in Western Europe. But it was too late. Thousands of the Asians and Africans who had escaped to Europe had left behind families eager to find ways to rejoin their relatives. Many of them simply traveled to Spain, which had not bothered to reform its immigration laws, and then slipped into the countries where their relatives lived. This, together with a burgeoning non-white birthrate and a surge in the number of rapes and murders, led not surprisingly to a right-wing backlash. Many political parties that had formerly been devoted to a traditional conservative agenda—lower taxes, fewer government regulations, less fiscal incompetence—sought now to gain the support of disgruntled voters by staking out an anti-immigration position.

In the 1970's and early 80's, only some parties ran regularly in national elections, and the performance of those parties was mixed. But in the late 80's and early 90's, the populist right started to enjoy broader support. The Freedom Party of Austria won an astonishing 16.6 percent of the vote in Austria's 1990 national elections. In Germany, 12 percent of all voters in the 1992 Baden-Wurtemberg elections cast their ballots for the Republicans. In France, the National Front won an astonishing 12.5 percent of all votes in the March 1993 elections to the National Assembly. Nearly one out of ten voters in Italy's 1992 parliamentary elections voted for the Lega Nord. While only the Lega Nord received less than 2 percent of all votes in the 1989 European elections, the National Front won 11.8 percent, one of its greatest electoral victories to date.

In response to the threat posed by the far right, Germany started rejecting larger numbers of applications for asylum. Italy expelled masses of Albanians who had crossed the Adriatic on small boats. In France, the government selected Charles Pasqua, a man with staunchly anti-immigrant views, for the post of minister of the interior. Austria placed soldiers along its border with Hungary, seeking to reduce the flow of refugees from that country.

The populist parties would probably enjoy even greater influence if journalists and politicians refrained from smearing them as racist and demagogic. Betz concedes that apart from an occasional ill-advised remark—Jean-Marie Le Pen's comment that the gas chambers were a "footnote to the history of World War Two," for example—the right wing has generally spurned hard-core bigotry. Despite his hostility to populist leaders like Jörg Haider and Le Pen, Betz admits that they are an altogether different breed from the skinheads who murder Turkish immigrants.

In spite of the left's defense of immigrants and attacks on populist leaders as racist and xenophobic, the populist movement is gathering force in some countries. In the Austrian parliamentary elections last October, the FPO received 23 percent of all votes, thereby gaining 42 seats in parliament. Even the *New York Times* conceded that the FPO is now "the main opposition" to the People's Party-Social Democratic Party coalition that has dominated Austria's parliament for the last eight years. In the same week a Vlaams Blok candidate won an impressive victory in Antwerp's municipal elections, while several other party candidates were elected to parliament. Last December, an overwhelming majority of voters in Switzerland approved a plan to grant vast powers to the authorities combatting illegal immigration.

Voters in other countries are scarcely less resolute in their hostility to the foreign population or in their opposition to liberal immigration policies. According to an ISPES poll conducted in 1991, no fewer than 46 percent of French citizens desire a sharp reduction in the number of immigrants in their country. Approximately one-fourth of Italians blame foreigners for the increase in serious crime—particularly drug-dealing. In the E.C., roughly 40 percent of all citizens oppose the extension of new rights to foreigners, and almost 20 percent actually favor stripping them of many of the rights they already possess.

Despite the rising tide of antiforeigner sentiment, the immigrants have no intention of going home when economic conditions in their countries start to improve. For many, returning home would be little short of suicidal. The Tamil refugees in Germany, for instance, narrowly escaped the mass slaughters conducted by the Sri Lankan government. While the regime continues its war of extermination, the Tamils will quite understandably refuse to return to Sri Lanka. Although many of the immigrants in Western Europe would not face any sort of persecution if they returned to their native lands, the generous handouts provided by their host

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countries are reason enough to stay put.

But the continued presence and spread of the foreign population is a small problem compared to the massive influx of poor non-Westerners, which is certain to continue until and unless the populist parties either win control of Western European governments or exert enough pressure to force a thorough going reform of immigration laws. Amartya Sen, in an essay published in the *New York Review of Books*, observes that the populations of the so-called developing countries are rapidly expanding even as per capita incomes in those countries are sharply declining. In countries that are too poor to tackle the problems involved in feeding their current populations, Sen suggests, a skyrocketing birthrate will only make existing strains on resources even less tolerable and increase the temptation to emigrate.

If this is true, then the current populist uprising may only be a prelude to a far wider conflict. Whether Western Europe will escape colonization by the very people it once subjugated may depend on the outcome of that battle.

Michael Washburn is an editorial assistant at Chronicles.

Maybe Forever

by John C. Vinson

The Immigration Invasion
by Wayne Lutton and John Tanton
Petoskey, Michigan: The Social Contract Press; 192 pp., $4.95

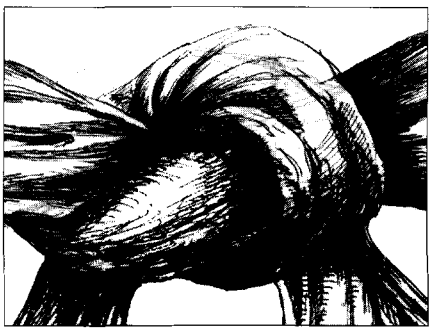
◆

Is the current wave of immigration to America, mainly from the Third World, an invasion? Wayne Lutton and John Tanton maintain that it is. The authors effectively argue that our unprecedented level of immigration, forced on the country by selfish interests, is remaking America in many negative ways, especially by eroding our national culture. But are Lutton and Tanton justified in using a term suggestive of violent conquest? After all, the arrival of approximately 1.2 million foreigners each year is mainly peaceful, even if about 300,000 of that total come illegally. But even if "invasion" is not the best word, the authors are correct to imply that the term "immigration," by itself, does not do justice to our predicament.

Say "immigration," and the average American will call to mind the image of Emma Lazarus's "huddled masses," or maybe an arriving Old World couple viewing the Statue of Liberty for the first time with admiration in their eyes. Schools and the media have carefully planted and cultivated these mental images—sometimes with honest intent and sometimes on behalf of interests that stand to reap power and profit from streams of newcomers. Yet lest we have any misgivings, "immigration," we are assured, will one day result in assimilation of the immigrants to the American way of life. The image is that of the Melting Pot.

But as Tanton and Lutton show, all trends indicate that the overload of immigrants and their unprecedented diversity are causing a meltdown of the pot: that immigrants are changing America more than America is changing them. If "immigration" is no longer the appropriate word, then what is? One possibility is "colonization." Though the term may connote military action, it also suggests the idea of a group of people arriving in a land and imposing itself on the inhabitants, even if the process is relatively nonviolent. Many immigrants today are not bashful about flying the colonial colors, and some, like past colonialists, even believe they are rendering a service to the "natives": a Korean immigrant recently proclaimed in a newspaper column that the mission of his people was to improve the moral climate of American life. Some humility, however, may be in order for this Asian Kipling with his Yellow Man's Burden. For example, the proliferation of Korean-owned liquor stores in South-Central Los Angeles has made many of the locals restless; they do not appreciate this influence on their moral climate. Other self-proclaimed gift-bearers are those Hispanic immigrants who would offer us the superior "family values" of Latin American culture, even as the Hispanic illegitimacy rate (immigrants and native-born together) considerably exceeds that of the white American majority.

Some immigrants, like many pro-immigration Americans, maintain that newcomers have special vigor and energy that native-born Americans somehow lack. In their view, America, like Count Dracula, needs regular supplies of "new blood" for health and well-being, and particularly for the American economy. Left unexplained is how such countries as Japan, South Korea, and Taiwan get along quite well with their own blood.



Not all colonists, of course, have good intentions, or even claim to have them. Many Mexican immigrants make it plain that they are coming to recover California and the other "lost territories" of Mexico. Once here, they hope to reinforce their claim to these lands through high birthrates generously subsidized, as Tanton and Lutton point out, with taxes from the rest of us. Particularly troubling is a group called MEChA, based on a number of campuses in California and other states. With the help of unchecked immigration, it advocates ethnic cleansing to rid the American Southwest of all non-Hispanics. Admittedly, MEChA is a fringe organization, but even the mainstream of the pro-immigrant movement seems to view the frontier between the United States and Mexico as hardly more significant than the state line between California and Nevada.

In October, illegal aliens and their American supporters organized a mass rally and march of 70,000 people in Los Angeles to affirm the inalienable right of aliens to utilize the tax monies paid by American citizens; large numbers carried Mexican flags. Though Tanton and Lutton may exaggerate by using the term "invasion," in another sense they understate the problem. An invaded country may hope that the invader will depart some day, leaving it to return to normal. Once Hitler's troops left France, the country went back to being French. But foreign populations, as opposed to foreign armies, are another matter. Can Miami and Los Angeles ever become American cities again?

John C. Vinson is president of the American Immigration Control Foundation in Monterey, Virginia.

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Lies, Damn Lies, and Absurdities

by Loxley F. Nichols

Recovering American Literature
by Peter Shaw
Chicago: Ivan R. Dee; 203 pp., $22.00

◆

Despite its optimistic title, *Recovering American Literature* is really about the severity of illness, the magnitude of loss. In a book weighted with evidence, Peter Shaw shows how literature has suffered by subverting art to politics. Substituting the dogma of political correctness for universal themes and metaphysical questions, academics since the 1960's have been reinterpreting the masterpieces of our literature solely as testaments to political subversion, thereby rendering American masterpieces decidedly anti-American.

Not content merely with bending them, critics of the last 30 years have essentially dispensed with traditional rules of literary discussion. Ideas considered marginal in the 1950's have now gained general acceptance by even the most respected critics. While grains of truth often lie buried in revisionist discourse, they have been amplified to such proportions that the part is taken for the whole. To illustrate the distortions of this politicizing trend, Shaw outlines the historically evolving critiques of *The Scarlet Letter*, *Moby Dick*, *Billy Budd*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *The Bostonians*, and Melville's *Typee*.

Making these works acceptable (and "relevant") has often meant turning them into polemics devoid of their original meaning. Whereas traditional critics of *The Scarlet Letter*, for example, exonerated the law as just, contemporary ones now condemn it as tyrannical, while rejecting out of hand James's validation of the natural world in *The Bostonians*. Often arriving at such transformations by claiming an ironical intention, modern critics simplistically resolve troubling complexities and irreconcilable ambivalences and synthetically flatten symbolism to allegory. Although black critics still praise *Huckleberry Finn* as a book that "reaffirms the values of our democratic faith," many of their white counterparts, outraged by Twain's depiction of race and ignoring the book's mythic or symbolic levels of meaning, have decided that Twain must have been writing *ironically* about the false promises of Reconstruction. Some critics have gone so far as to insist that "from a correct historical point of view, the American slaves were never truly set free." To Neil Schmitz, the notion of Jim's freedom "seems actually obscene." Regarding *Moby Dick*, too, political interest preempts all other considerations, including the spiritual. Melville's magnum opus has been narrowed to a diatribe against capitalism and its exploitation of nonwhites, the working class, and women. It is really meant, some specialists declare anachronistically, as a warning against nuclear warfare and misuse of the ecosystem! In 1988, Professor Elizabeth Schultz proclaimed, "*Moby Dick* convinces me to work to prevent ecological, economic, and political catastrophe."

Characters and plots are subjected to similar reassessments. Certain commentators on *Huckleberry Finn* go so far as to find *all* the characters contemptible, including and perhaps especially the genial Jim (why has he no murderous instincts against whites?), and the plot insipid (why doesn't Twain have Jim lynched?) Hester Prynne, we are told, is not sufficiently radical either. One critic believes that Hester's restraint renders her a "hypocrite" and a "liar." Another is unhappy because she "will not surrender her commitment to her new, desexed intellectual self." Verena Tarrant, whom both Henry and William James warmly praised, has been labeled a "nonentity" and a "fool" by feminist critics disappointed in Verena for succumbing to "nature's ploy" and choosing marriage over political life with Olive Chancellor. Feminist criticism of *The Bostonians* can be egregiously hypocritical. Dismissing negative reaction to Olive as an "embattled phallic principle making a desperate stand," Judith Fetterly, claiming license to "a different subjectivity," has herself said that Olive is "morbid," "has the psychology of the loser," and "believes ultimately neither in herself nor in women nor in their cause or movement." In *Billy Budd*, it is now Captain Vere rather than Claggart who is viewed as the true villain, Melville's description of Vere's virtues being taken ironically. Indulging in wishful thinking, critics from the 1960's on have sought to show how Captain Vere could have spared Billy's life. In fact, both the martial law of the time and Melville's well-documented conservatism at the end of his life, when he wrote *Billy Budd*, preclude such "resistance readings." The real crime is not committed by any one of the characters but by the critics themselves: "For by assuming that there is a way out of the dilemma posed by Melville, and by denouncing Captain Vere for not taking it, the resistance reader spares himself the philosophical and moral conundrum posed by the story as written."

What cannot be rendered politically correct by reductions, omissions, and inversions is traced to authorial defects. Hawthorne's ambivalent treatment of Hester, once considered an aesthetic accomplishment, is now explained as a symptom of "repressed authorial anxieties" issuing from "sublimated incest wishes." In trying to defend such positions, however, professionals often make embarrassing blunders, sometimes confusing fiction with real life: "The phrase 'punitive plotting'. . . charged Hawthorne with mistreating a Hester in effect conceived of as a real person." Hawthorne denies Hester her capacity to act and "condemns her to silence." In denigrating James as a "masculinist" for his satirical treatment of feminism and the victory of heterosexuality over lesbianism in *The Bostonians*, critics forget that James himself was not heterosexual: "That nature's process did not apply to all was something he knew from personal experience. But he was not interested in reducing his art to a reflection of his own peculiar essence."

In comparison with Shaw's essay "The Assault on the Canon" (*Sewanee Review*, Spring 1994), *Recovering American Literature* is curiously reserved in tone, but the evidence speaks for itself. The clarity and understated wit of Shaw's prose style make this book enjoyable as well as informative. Remarking the equivocations of one critic of *Typee*, Shaw says: "Stern unfortunately perpetuated this kind of verbal imprecision by referring to the scrounging for edibles aboard Melville's ship when stores were low as an example of 'western spoilation and cannibalism.' This is a highly inaccurate way to describe eating the captain's pig."

The seeming arbitrariness of Shaw's choice of classics and of his organization of his material somewhat diffuses the work's focus. Treating each of four books in a separate chapter isolates the indi-

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vidual texts and suggests an open-ended and unconnected "list." Such quibbling is immaterial, however, in light of the service this book provides, the truth it establishes. For in charting the disintegration of intellectual discussion of several of the nation's (and the world's) great books, *Recovering American Literature* proves that when criticism ceases to be an open forum of ideas centered on a text and emanating from that text's rich store of ambiguity and ambivalence, it does indeed become vulgar. Shaw exposes the sinister nature of the lies and absurdities that can pass as knowledge and understanding in the classroom, and makes it clear that when the ends justify the means in academia, books become sermons at best, at worst tools of propaganda wherein distortions, omissions, and outright falsehoods prevail.

Loxley F. Nichols teaches English literature and composition at Loyola College in Baltimore.

Augie Old: The Last Man

by Peter Laurie

It All Adds Up: From the Dim Past to the Uncertain Future
by Saul Bellow
New York: Viking;
327 pp., $23.95

◆

Saul Bellow's *It All Adds Up* is his first (and given his age probably his last) collection of nonfiction. Mr. Bellow is close to 80. His introduction suggests a mood of self-reformation, not solemn but tending toward testament. He is said to be at work on a novel. He has outlived most of his generation, still cuts an agreeable and admirable figure among those pretending to literary accomplishment, and one wants to wish him well. He is now older than the Good Grey Poet and still hard at work.

The book consists of a redeployment of elegantly wrought magazine pieces, several self-ruminations called interviews, and shorter and longer memoirs, essays, and public lectures, arranged and cropped for maximum impact and concision though still long for my taste, taking in a considerable span of tumultuous life and literary history. If the life appears to me an exceptionally lucky one (and one gets the impression that Bellow may not appreciate just *how* lucky), then the history strikes me as ugly. Literature has been swallowed by "political statement," ethnomania applauded into a ubiquitous vice, general culture (which in any case hardly exists) pumped up into the white elephant one got stuck with at the rummage sale of a nasty past; while any pretense to a settled outlook, a sense of moral splendor, or even mere talent is nowadays subjected to derision.

Bellow speaks with authority, having survived best-sellerdom, big money, numerous marriages and divorces, virtually all known literary prizes, celebrity status, the deaths of beloved fellow writers, and careful critical attention in the midst of the general collapse of serious literary publishing. Covering decades in dozens of pages, he commands fistsful of cultural histories and is unafraid to speak out, change his mind, and loathe his world.

Now perhaps it is time to say I never much cared for him. "Mr. Saul Bellow." I can still hear the ring of that name in John Berryman's voice. The poet and man of letters who had more influence on my young writer's life than any other living human being was in the habit of hitting his audiences over the head with his opinions like Odysseus clanging the flat of his axhead on a wooden dowel that would hold his raft together to just within sight of the isle of the Phaeacians. Nobody who came into contact with John Berryman's view of literature could afford to ignore his high regard for the novelist Saul Bellow: "Mr. Saul Bellow . . . who writes . . . just a little . . . bit . . . *better*" (at this point an authoritative pinky would punctuate the air) "than anybody else!" But *I* wasn't buying.

A modest mountain of novels offers a megalomaniac vision of the Jewish Alps. Warmly human it is; Tolstoy it is not. All the flaws of the Russian novel—a sort of discursive elephantiasis, the prose's voice that of some epic fidgit drumming on the coffee table, improv, patter, one-liners, George Jessel mimicking Cervantes, Fielding, Twain, a little Plutarch, a coffee klatch intelligentsia blab—are reproduced in Bellow's work.

Well. This would hardly seem the place to begin to explain all this, good reader—but. Deep in the works of Ortega y Gasset, he muses seriously on what he imagines Pericles would have said to my dear friend Hannah Arendt, had either of them been in a position to have experienced the existential anguish of Charles Chaplin in, was it, *Hard Times* . . .

I have to admit I made this up. But real passages from the published books, *Augie March* and *Herzog*, multitudes of them in almost any chapter, are in fact as compulsive as this: self-aggrandizing, flip, fundamentally noninterpretive wastes of print between "episodes." Eventually, in spite of my reverence for Berryman, I concluded that Bellow did write only "just a little bit" better than, say, John Updike.

The creator of Augie old is, it seems to me, very much the consequence of the creator of Augie young. In the course of *It All Adds Up*, in his best interviewese, Mr. Bellow avers, "Well, what you call optimism may be nothing more than a mismanaged, misunderstood vitality . . . reckless spontaneity. . . I had found—or believed I had found—a new way to *flow*." Though he calls himself "the cat that walked by himself," Bellow walked, it seems to me, the corridors of the idiot optimism of the Jewish Marxist's secular materialism, from the offices of the *Partisan Review* across the terrazzo of the Guggenheim Foundation, Bard Campus, The Village, into the offices of *Commentary* and the pages of the *New York Times*, biting a hand that always fed him rather well. Sounds suspiciously like lemming syndrome, if you ask me. This has been absolutely everybody's broad highway, and it is taking every one of us with it over the abyss. Bellow himself, in one of the more daring public addresses of our whole pusillanimous period, put it this way:

> I really don't care to think about the inevitable succession of modernism by after- and post-modernism. I will grant you the "night of the world" and accept the fullest listing of the charges: emptiness of life, the unity of mankind on the lowest level, the increasing vacuity of personal existence, the victory of urbanization and technology—in short, the prevalence of nihilism, the ab-

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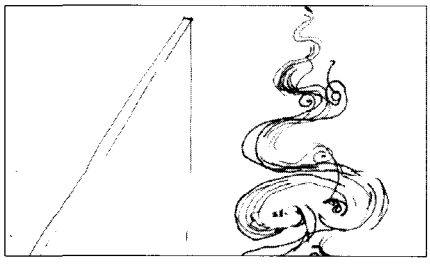
sence of the noble and the great.

This may pass as a fair sample of "late" thought in the volume at hand, and if the view here is grim, it is also a true one. Many times, Bellow returns to Nietzsche's hideous characterization of the insectile Last Man, to Yeats's "The Second Coming" ("The best lack all conviction, while the worst / Are full of passionate intensity"), to Wyndham Lewis's pitiless indictment of modernity's "moronic inferno," accusing himself of having been "distracted by the subject of distraction," and sometimes brushing against genuine profundities and knocking them over. Again, from the most recent of this book's ruminations: "In no uncertain terms, Nietzsche tells us that the modern age concerns itself primarily with Becoming and ignores Being. And so perpetual Becoming preys on us like a deadly sickness."

Perhaps the pursuit of Being is incompatible with the habit of holding forth? And perhaps Bellow has fleetingly glimpsed this? "On the other hand, silence is enriching. The more you keep your mouth shut, the more fertile you become."

That this keeping your mouth shut was an ancient spiritual practice, "echemythia," or Pythagorean silence, a five-year prohibition on the use of language intended to put the practitioner in contact with the life of the soul, as serious a matter for ancient Greeks as for ancient Hebrews, may not have occurred to Bellow, since *Augie*'s one reference to Pythagoras—that he was killed over a diagram—does not appear to be the remark of an expert. But it could hardly have been unfamiliar to Nietzsche, the avowed enemy of Enlightenment Man's "I think, therefore I am" way of defining Being. Nietzsche's Last Man resembles a race of sand fleas hopping over its shrunken polluted world principally because the Last Man cannot sacrifice his beloved notion of The Self to save his soul. It is easier for the Last Man to declare that God is dead than that Marx and Freud were phonies. Just because Bellow knows enough to loathe the Last Man doesn't mean he isn't one.

This dilemma, which Bellow shares with practically everybody, shows its abysmal depths most dramatically in his bicentenary tribute to Mozart, a genius Bellow obviously loves. In spite of his own "hunch that with beings such as Mozart we are forced to speculate about transcendence," he still comes out wrong: "When we say he is modern I suppose we mean we recognize the signature of Enlightenment, of reason and universalism, in his music—we recognize also the limitations of Enlightenment." "We" in this case is a room full of Italian intellectuals, which is to say communists; an audience of a quality Mozart for all his putative modernity could never have imagined, an audience interested in the Don as an allegory for the capitalist class, in Figaro as The Worker, addressed by a novelist sincerely trying to stand up for lost dimensions of human nature—"the noble," "the great," as Mozart himself effortlessly embodied them—and walking a fine line between intellectual respectability and the absurdly simple truth.



Mozart is neither "modern" nor one in whom "we recognize the signature of Enlightenment," by which the audience is expected to understand a historical tradition that begins with Descartes, passes through Trotsky, and ends with the computer revolution. But if there were indeed—and there is, of course—such a signature in Mozart's music, it derives from those traditions of the soul whence the secularists filched this marvelous word "enlightenment" in the first place: Orpheus, Pythagoras, Plato, St. Augustine, Dante, the Christendom-*cum*-Classicism of the Renaissance that reinvented music around the theory of the *numbers of the soul*. Mozart was both devout and classically republican. His last work is *actually*, not metaphorically, transcendent.

Out of the Descartes-*cum*-Trotsky tradition came the Last Man, the Stock Exchange, MTV; also liberation theology, death camps, and tens of millions of corpses. If this tradition left *its* signature on anyone's music, it is that of Schoenberg. It is time to stop congratulating ourselves on our deepest and deadliest confusions.

Peter Laurie is a poet and scholar living in upstate New York.

Brief Mentions

The Rape of Europa: The Fate of Europe's Treasures in the Third Reich and the Second World War. *By Lynn H. Nicholas (New York: Alfred A.Knopf), 498 pp., $27.50*

Lynn Nicholas has written the most comprehensive account of the Nazis' attempt to steal, sell, dismantle, and destroy Europe's artistic heritage, but her stunning illustrations nearly tell the story for her: a picture of 5000 bells that were stolen from across Europe and stockpiled in Hamburg; a photo of the special room for "degenerate" art that Alfred Rosenberg and Hermann Goering established at the Jeu de Paume, where Vermeers, Rembrandts, Cézannes, and Renoirs are stacked like Velvet Elvises at the corner gas station; an eery sketch of candle-lit life in the deep cellars of the Hermitage, where relics and masterpieces are protected by half-frozen curators, art historians, poets, and writers. This is a story of preservation as much as pillage, perseverance as much as villainy. The *Mona Lisa*, *Winged Victory*, *Venus de Milo*, and thousands of paintings, sculptures, tapestries, clocks, and stained-glass windows were hurried out of Paris by truck and train shortly before the Germans arrived and hidden in 11 châteaux west of the capital. The National Gallery's collection was relocated to Wales by underground rail through disused caves and mines. In our country, the newly opened National Gallery of Art transferred its most important works to the palatial Biltmore estate in Asheville, North Carolina; the Metropolitan Museum used an empty mansion outside of Philadelphia; and "The Declaration of Independence" spent the war in Fort Knox. Nicholas does discuss Allied thefts—such as the infamous case of WAC officer Katherine Nash, who stole instead of guarded the Hesse crown jewels at Kronberg Castle in April 1945 and who was arrested with her husband in Chicago shortly thereafter—but she does so only briefly and dares not tread on the eristic issue of the Allies' intentional bombing of Germany's medieval town squares. (For a tendentious but more thorough account of American looting, see the recently published *The Spoils of World War II: The American Military's Role in Stealing Europe's Treasures* by Kenneth D. Alford.) After the

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war the Allies—the United States in particular—were left with the daunting task of ascertaining the rightful owners of the thousands of artworks recovered from Germany, a task that continued for decades after the war. The United States did not, for example, return Hungary's crown jewels until 1977, because of the controversy over returning priceless relics to countries controlled by Russian communists. Many masterpieces, of course, were destroyed or stolen and will never be recovered. Yet as Lynn Nicholas has reminded us, what is staggering is not our losses, but what was courageously preserved.

—Theodore Pappas

Caring for Creation: An Ecumenical Approach to the Environmental Crisis. *By Max Oelschlaeger (New Haven: Yale University Press), 285 pp., $30.00*

Since Professor Oelschlaeger is himself apparently unchurched, the ecumenism referred to in the title of his book is for his own part only opportunism. Indeed *Caring for Creation* is an appeal to his fellow Greens to harness the energetic superstition of useful idiots, from Roman Catholics to Wiccans, as a means to supplant the secular religion of economic growth that is destroying the planet and to create a broad and deep consensus for an environmentalist agendum. Oelschlaeger claims to have written a confession of sorts, "though not exactly in the tradition of Augustine and other Christians. For most of my adult life I believed, as many environmentalists do, that religion was the primary cause of the ecological crisis. I also assumed that various experts have solutions to the environmental malaise. I was a true believer." Though still convinced that "religion is deeply implicated in ecocrisis," he now believes that, "more important, it is involved in any solution." Since Oelschlaeger refuses to regard any particular faith as "privileged," he is unable to say what he intends by "religion" but treats all systems of belief with equal indifference. Religion, he says, "is the institution best suited to deal with the ethical and political questions raised by ecocrisis, precisely because it empowers citizens to deal with the questions that elude the bureaucratic mentality." How might the dominant religious tradition in the West shake free of its notoriously homocentric view of Creation? Well, "Judeo-Christianity is unique in its ability to reweave itself in the light of changing circumstances without losing its fundamental inspiration." As, I suppose, the Social Gospel over 1900 dreary years evolved gloriously from the original Four. And "Judeo-Christians" have a powerful incentive to do more "reweaving": "The reality of ecological crisis has rendered the belief in providence problematic." Professor Oelschlaeger, however learned he may be in contemporary academic production, is an ignoramus when it comes to Christianity. "The argument that the fall . . . created ecocrisis is . . . helpful . . . ," he concedes. Of course, it is the crux. "The present world is passing away. . . ." Has he not heard of the promise of a new heaven and a new earth? Christianity does not put Man above Creation, but the Earth to come above the present one. This is not to say that Christians or other people, even Republicans, are justified in trashing the world we know. Where Oelschlaeger perceives the need to redesign Christianity to respond to the problems of the day, there exists instead the obligation on the part of Christians better to comprehend the teachings of their faith in respect of nature, as the Eastern church has long done. Professor Oelschlaeger has a clue: "caring for creation entails only that the faithful look to their faith with new eyes and find therein the words that speak of a loving relationship with and our responsibilities for the Creation." But if that should happen, we will have no need for environmentalism at all.

—Chilton Williamson, Jr.

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"The Hemneter Idea of Kemet"
Chair—Dr. Ella Forbes . . .

—from the program for the sixth annual Cheikh Anta Diop Conference, organized by the Department of African American Studies, Temple University.

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Letter From England

by Christie Davies

Our Shortsighted Rulers

Laser beam surgery has now made it possible to correct many common eye defects caused by irregularities in the shape of the lens of the eye relative to the size of the eyeball. For those with severely impaired eyesight, this means a welcome escape from a serious handicap. However, for children who are only mildly shortsighted, the operation could cause problems as well as benefits, for myopia is a source of success and social mobility. Some have argued that there is a correlation between myopia and innate intelligence, which are simultaneously caused by two related patterns of genes. It has even been suggested that the manifest success of spectacle-wearing peoples such as the Japanese and the Jews and the relative failure of members of ethnic groups with good eyesight merely reflects this correlation. Whether this hypothesis is true or not may never be determined, for it is far too politically incorrect a theory to receive the research funding necessary to test it.

Rather, it is generally assumed by those who hold power in the health, education, and welfare bureaucracies that the link is an environmental one. For most of human history the myopic were failures and doomed to the early death that was the fate of those who could not see a charging mammoth, an enraged hippo or a horde of scimitar-waving Mamelukes until it was too late. In the modern world, by contrast, success goes to those who concentrate all their attention on objects next to their noses—a computer screen, a microscope, a balance sheet, or a legal loophole. That the world beyond is a blurred penumbra visible only through a lens of glass or plastic is a very real advantage, for it cuts out the distractions of sport, sex, and scenery that lead most of us astray. For the perfect-sighted, the publicity given to the rise of the myopic has confirmed their worst secret fear: that old four-eyes, the squit-faced swot, whom they hated at school, really has overtaken them.

For the lower classes myopia and the wearing of spectacles assist those who are reasonably intelligent to rise in the world through entrepreneurship or education because they decisively block off such queer routes to mobility as football, crime, the entertainment industry, or marriage to a rich spouse. Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses, nor do pebble-lensed football players masquerading as stars. Since the chances of any particular lower-class individual making it to the top through male agility or female beauty are very small indeed, those who know from an early age that they are shortsighted and unsightly are saved from a dangerous delusion and are motivated to seek more reliable ways of bettering themselves. Shortsightedness breeds farsightedness while those who dreamed of stardom end up where they began, at the bottom of the heap.

The discovery of the link between myopia and success has created deep ideological divisions among socialists comparable to those that led to the collapse of the Labor government in 1951, when Harold Wilson and Nye Bevan resigned over the crucial issue of whether the state should provide free eyeglasses and false teeth as part of the National Health Service. The cabinet decided that there was no such thing as a free munch, but its left wing disagreed, and the government collapsed and then lost the ensuing general election. In other countries politics is spectacle; in Britain spectacles are politics.

The old guard of the British left still proclaim that everyone has the right to perfect eyesight, if not better, and wants eyeglasses, contact lenses, and laser surgery to be provided free by the state. The revisionists, however, feel that it is wrong to deprive myopic lower-class children of a defect that would enable them to rise in the world. Accordingly they argue that spectacles in the good old-fashioned National Health Service frames (you can have any shape you like provided it is round) should be free to all, but that the laser beam correction of myopia should be left to private medicine, which the poor can't afford. The vanity of the rich will ensure that their children's poor eyesight, like their crooked teeth, will be operated on, regardless of cost, but an unintended consequence of this will be the loss of an important part of their good start in life. Somewhere below them the bespectacled sons and daughters of menials will be steadily climbing up the ladder while they fall down the snake. For those radical socialists who believe in massive positive discrimination, even this is not enough. Equality demands a radical redistribution of myopia in a way that favors those disadvantaged by social class, race, ethnicity, sexual preference, or stupidity: they have a right to shortsightedness that must be provided by the state for those not so favored by nature. If laser surgery can cure myopia, it can also create it. In this way, they argue, bourgeois concepts of health can be subordinated to the higher goal of social equality, much as has long been true of education, welfare, and religion. In the coming socialist utopia, visible only to those with the correct radical astigmatism, myopia, like abortion or the removal of unsightly tattoos, will be not only a medical right but a social necessity.

Christie Davies is chairman of the sociology department at the University of Reading, England.

Letter From Zanesville

by Jeffrey Michael Kane

Stupid but Secure

Last year, the Board of Education for the Zanesville, Ohio, City School District was handed a hammer capable of striking a blow for the forces of good in the battle over the direction of public education. Unfortunately for this community, the board dropped the sledge squarely on its foot, seeking immediate relief by planting the appendage squarely in its collective mouth.

The issue involved an attempt to increase the minimum academic standards that students must meet before partic-

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ipating in athletics or other extracurricular activities. To her credit, board member McFerren deemed the current standard—at least a cumulative "D" average before the start of the academic quarter—insufficient to warrant a pupil's participation. Under the terms of her proposal, this cumulative standard would be raised one letter-grade, to a "C" average, and the student's performance in each class would be monitored weekly during the quarter of participation. The student's eligibility for participation in the activities of the subsequent week (team meetings, practices, and games) would be contingent upon the maintenance of a "C" in each class. *Below average* performance in any subject, according to her plan, would require the student to sit it out until these minimum standards were once again met.

Pretty reasonable, I think. The more benighted members of the board, however, thought otherwise. Despite overwhelming public and parental acceptance, the board voted instead to maintain the lowest possible standards allowed by the state. In an attempt to jettison academic principle for the more popular cargo of equity, board member Grosshandler served up this grammatical gem: "[Stricter standards] would not be fair to students who genuinely try and whose main reasons for attending schools was [*sic*] to play sports."

This refusal to implement higher standards merely reflects the wholesale shift away from objective, quantifiable measures of student—and, by extension, teacher—performance. In the absence of such measures of their ability and conduct, the educrats can issue rosy public statements that effectively deny the reality of an *incompetence* that has become endemic to public education. Consider the unremitting outcry from the Ohio Education Association to the state mandate requiring all high-school students to pass a standardized *ninth-grade* proficiency examination (PE) as a condition of graduation. "Unfair," "insensitive," "racist," it wailed. "Regressive," it whined. Indeed, it is unfair, regressive, and insensitive. It is unfair to employers seeking competent high school graduates to have an applicant pool whose communication and clerical skills are scarcely beyond that of an eighth-grader. It is unfair to colleges and universities, which must design and fund remedial way stations to elevate the mathematical and grammatical competency of these youngsters to the 12th-grade level. It is regressive because it imposes upon the market increased prices due to added production costs in the form of training and reeducation of workers, which often involve teaching them how to read. Finally, it is insensitive not only to employers, collegians, and consumers but to the student population, which is receiving the short end of the education stick.

Yet to the educrats, it is unfair because it demands accountability. The scandalously high number of students who fail the PE on their first try can easily be blamed on incompetent instruction. The inability of several thousand students to pass it after a second or third sitting can be blamed on poor curriculum content and design. Educators used to shift accountability for their pathetic instruction through grade inflation and the elimination of the "F" and all other marks indicating "failure." If, in a class of 30 students, 25 received A's and B's, the teacher must be pretty good. Put an apple on his desk and dole out part of that union-guaranteed annual pay increase. But the PE cut him off on the way to the bank. If those 25 students achieved marks of "B" or better in his English composition class, then presumably they should breeze through the verbal portion of the PE. But on average, 40 percent of these 25 did not. As a result, the obvious question emerged: How can a student receive an "A" in senior English and subsequently fail the verbal half of a ninth-grade proficiency test?

But he can if the school system lacks money, said the education establishment. Enlisting their conventional justification for any problem plaguing their realm, they enlightened us to the fact that such pathetic test results were the product not of a lack of instruction, but of a lack of resources, most of them financial. What followed was a torrent of emergency funding initiatives and ballot measures designed to raise the cash necessary to bolster up the PE scores. Overnight, signboards reading "Levy or Armageddon . . . You Decide!" sprouted on the lawn of every teacher in the district, followed closely by appeals to "Save the Kids." Yet they saved the best for last. In what will long be remembered as the most outrageous piece of showmanship in the history of public education, those Ohio school districts boasting the poorest performance on the PE filed suit, with the assistance of the farcical ad hoc Coalition for Equity and Adequacy in School Funding (CEASF), against the state of Ohio for, among other things, the "necessary [money] to provide students [of these districts] academic realities which [*sic*] translate more readily with those of students from districts facing less challenges."

Such solicitations, of course, are nothing new. Over the past four decades, educrats have perfidiously convinced American parents and legislators that any hiccup in public education could be cured with additional funding. From 1950-1989, despite hundreds of studies showing absolutely no correlation between spending and educational achievement, average per-pupil expenditures rose in real terms from $1,333 to $4,931. This fourfold increase in real spending, however, has brought no academic improvement, but significant decline. Indeed, from 1963 to 1990, combined SAT scores fell on average 95 points from 980 to 885. Over this same period, statisticians have labored furiously to build subfloor after subfloor to accommodate American students in the academic performance house of industrialized nations. In an international study conducted last year by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, only 20 percent of American college teachers surveyed felt that American schools had adequately prepared college enrollees in writing and speaking skills, while a mere 15 percent saw adequate preparation in math and quantitative reasoning, results which placed Americans last among the field of 14 countries. Curiously, across the street in the financial house of industrialized nations, where one's digs are based on the average per-pupil expenditure for education, the American kids are in the penthouse and swimming on the roof.

Fortunately, such evidence does not appear to have been wasted on the voters, whose patience with the "inadequate funding" argument is wearing thin. Since November 1993, Ohio voters have rejected eight of the ten balloted school tax levies, increases, or renewals—some failing by as much as 40 percentage points. This response is tantamount to a referendum against throwing good money after bad or rewarding nonperformance. Casting further light on this shifting sentiment has been an exponential increase in the incidence of "bright flight"—the transfer of the most intelligent (and often the most mon-

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eyed) students to more effective districts.

Consequently, the educrats have been scrambling to their last line of defense: depreciate the results and significance of specific testing instruments, such as the SAT and PE, and objective, quantitative grading systems in general. The general name for this is OBE, "Outcome-Based Education," which seeks to dispense with Carnegie curriculum units altogether and institute in their place vague "new basics" based on a mishmash of "learning outcomes" defined and established by the educrats themselves. Rather than mathematics, science, and language arts, the euphemistic buzzwords of this paradigm are "fairness," "diversity," "self-esteem," "confidence," "sensitivity," and "emergence." How a child writes or what he writes is far less important than how he *feels* about how or what he writes. Next to literacy in the museum of public education is historical scholarship, which is being revised and contorted so as not to exclude or offend any hyphenated sub-classification of humans, plants, or animals. For example, I have learned that Africa was the cradle of math and engineering, that a sub-Saharan black discovered America, and that Negro soldiers single-handedly liberated the German concentration camps in World War II. The verity of such feats, let alone their difficult reconciliation with the present state of the Dark Continent, is of little importance provided they play well to the group they seek to assuage and serve to discredit the contributions of less-hyphenated peoples, particularly white European males.

All this in the name of "fairness" and "self-confidence." In reality, it is in the name of job security. In the marketplace, shoddy work and poor product quality generally result in the elimination of the producer and its products. But the education establishment is not the marketplace.

Incidentally, I have received complaints about one of my workers napping on the job—sometimes napping for two to three hours at a time. A supervisor has suggested that I codify more austere policies against such nonperformance. After much thought, I have decided that stricter standards would be unfair to employees who genuinely try, and whose main reason for coming to work is to catch up on their sleep.

Jeffrey Michael Kane is a writer and businessman in Zanesville.

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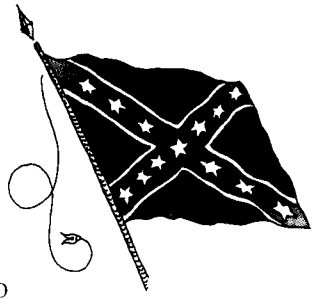

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ART

The Art of Adolf Hitler

by Mark Warren

In reading the Charles Manson story, *Helter Skelter*, I was struck by a brief passage about Manson's admiration for Hitler. Manson believed he had things in common with Hitler, and there were similarities in their lives, however trivial: both were vegetarians; both had an incredible ability to influence others; and both were frustrated, rejected artists.

Hitler—a frustrated, rejected artist? What was this all about? I had long heard that Hitler was a housepainter, though William Shirer claims "there is no evidence that he ever followed such a trade." And I knew that, in 1907, when he was 18 years old, Hitler had been rejected for admission by the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts, and that he had been rejected again in 1908. The burning question for me was "Why was he rejected?" According to Hitler in *Mein Kampf*, his rejection came as a blow, a shocking mistake, because he was so certain the academy would accept him. He claims that he was dissatisfied with himself for the first time in his life.

But where was information about Hitler's art—locations, catalogues, reproductions? Local universities had nothing to offer, but I found exactly what I needed buried in a big-city public library: a treasure-trove of 260 pages of Hitler's art, some in black-and-white reproductions, some in color. This book, cataloguing hundreds of sketches, drawings, and paintings by Hitler, was a stunning revelation to me. Most interesting were several examples of paintings that Hitler had submitted to the academy in 1907, as well as several drawings, two of which received a grade of "good." Much of Hitler's art, as this book makes clear, is today in private collections not open to the public.

This discovery fired my interest further. It was apparent to me, as an artist, that Hitler had talent. His artistic skill, in my opinion, was sufficient for entrance to the Vienna Academy, and other art authorities have concluded that he should not have been rejected. The work he produced between 1908 and 1914 was more revealing still; that work showed a marked improvement in his art. During his Vienna years, a number of dealers even sold his work.

Growing frustration tinged with anger and disappointment with the course of his life in Vienna apparently caused Hitler to seek an escape from his trials. His interest shifted from art to reading, which he took up avidly, focusing on politics, Austrian history, and the plight of the dispossessed. He began to hate Vienna and to attribute his own artistic problems and all the social and economic problems in Austria to the influence of the Jews, as he admitted in *Mein Kampf*. Before the Vienna years, there is little evidence that Hitler particularly hated Jews. Anti-Semitism was not an issue in the environments where he grew up. His mother's doctor was a Jew, and Hitler is not on record as hating the Jewish art dealers in Vienna who sold his work. But his hatred of Jews was clearly established by the end of his years in Vienna. He blamed them for his failures, and particularly for his failed art career, but were the academy's administrators and faculty really Jewish? I thought this worthy of investigation.

I tried to learn more about Hitler's rejection by the academy. What was the Jewish connection there, if any? I wrote to the director of Vienna's *Kunsthistorisches Museum* and asked outright if the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts, in 1907, had Jewish teachers and a Jewish administration. Surprisingly, the academy still existed, and the director stated that "obviously" there had been teachers of the Mosaic faith. He suggested that I write to the academy for more detailed information. I wrote, but I received no answer. This only heightened my interest.

Most biographers claim that Hitler was a lazy, poor student who showed little ambition or sense of purpose. Actually, he did well in lower school—and well in upper school in what interested him. The tools he had to become a successful artist—talent, perseverance, determination, and energy—were all for the good, but these same tools became evil in the Vienna years.

Art was on Hitler's mind his entire life. He drew and sketched incessantly. He supervised the design of all the new structures he built and planned to build. Albert Speer headed Hitler's team of architects, and he attests to Hitler's skill in the conception and design of the New Germany's architecture. Many of these sketches and drawings still exist. Art was on Hitler's mind when he strove, after becoming chancellor in 1933, to rid Germany and Austria of the modernist painters and their art, all of which was eventually removed from museums. The artists lost their teaching jobs. Some fled Europe, some went to jail. The great Ludwig Kirchner committed suicide. Hitler built the House of German Art in Munich, based on his idea of what art should be. His lifelong project was to eliminate Vienna as the prime art center in Austria, and to this end he decided to make Linz, his home, the greatest art center in the world. Art remained on Hitler's mind all through the war. In his *Table Talk*, a record of mealtime conversations from 1941 to 1944, a good number of his discussions were about artists, all forms of art, and plans for the cultural New Germany. Werner Maser, his biographer, tells how in March 1945, four weeks before he died, he was engrossed in a wooden model of Linz that incorporated his ideas.

Hitler frequently deplored his life, expressing his dearest wish to wander through Italy as an unknown painter. He often quoted Nero's dying words, "What an artist dies in me." While speaking to Carl Burckhardt about destroying Poland, he paused and stated how glad he would be if he could stay there and work as an artist.

Werner Maser devoted part of one

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sentence in his biography of Hitler to musing about this very subject: about what the world might have been spared if Hitler had been accepted by the academy. An examiner rejected his portfolio because of a lack of head drawings. The examiner did not see the portfolio that contained head drawings good enough for entry into any art academy. In a ragged copy of a little book, Wulf Scharzwäller's *The Unknown Hitler*, which I stumbled upon in a secondhand bookstore, I found the name of the Vienna Academy's director: Professor Siegmund l'Allemand, who was indeed Jewish. Perhaps this was why the academy never answered my query.

I lived in the age of Hitler, and I was even in close proximity to him—within five miles of him in the skies over Berlin on February 3, 1945, in a USAAF B17. My guess is that Hitler was even more prone to dream that particular day about wandering through Italy as a painter.

Mark Warren writes from Cincinnati, Ohio.

POLITICS

Austria's Populist Face

by Donald Warren

European nations are seeing their cultural if not their actual borders weakened by multiculturalism and the process known as "McDonaldization." But Austrians, in contrast to their neighbors in Germany, where status quo politics are the order of the day, are avidly protesting the corruption, incompetence, and slack enforcement of immigration restrictions characteristic of the "Grand Coalition"—a two-party consociation of socialists and conservatives that has held a virtual monopoly over Austria's politics since the end of World War II.

Thus, the national election of this past October represented yet another chapter in an ongoing political revolution. Readers of these pages have periodically been apprised of a remarkable rising star in populist politics—Austria's dashing opposition leader, Jörg Haider. The charismatic figure who has vexed the political establishment of this proud middle European nation of seven million once again defied the odds and pulled off a major electoral triumph. Last autumn's parliamentary vote brought Haider's Freedom Party (FPO) to within five percentage points of becoming the second most popular party, nearly edging out the ever-weakening Social Democrats and lackluster traditional conservatives. The FPO gained nearly a quarter of the seats in Austria's governing representative body, taking yet another step in what Haider's enemies have called his "Kampf," or in what his sympathizers have termed his "Long March." In the eight years since Haider's ascendancy to the leadership of what was a languishing and marginalized "old nationalist" and 19th century-style Liberal party, the FPO has trebled its electoral support.

Almost from the beginning of his rise to national prominence, Haider has been the target of both the traditional right and the socialist left, which have branded him a dangerous neo-Nazi and extreme nationalist whose political ascendancy would spell the doom of democracy in Austria. He is accused of being an opportunist who appeals to xenophobia and racism in an effort to awaken the "silent majority" of the Austrian electorate. This characterization notwithstanding, Haider has time and again proved the academic experts and political pundits incapable of gauging either his strategic skills or the depth of his appeal.

Haider has indeed taken a number of risks in his electoral rise, making his share of blunders. In 1986, his ill-advised, if inadvertent, praise of the Third Reich's employment policies forced his resignation as governor of Carinthia, his home province. By way of a political comeback, Haider assumed the party chairmanship to promote Heide Schmidt, a rising young parliamentary leader and once-dedicated loyalist nurtured at his side, into the national political arena. She ran as the FPO presidential candidate in 1992. Despite losing some support from traditionalists in rural and small village areas, Schmidt attained a respectable 18 percent of the vote, drawing many middle-class Austrians to her banner.

Flushed by her relative success and media attention, Schmidt proceeded to spearhead a revolt against her mentor by forming the Liberal Forum in early 1993, and in the aftermath of this much-ballyhooed divorce, experts announced the imminent demise of Haider. It was then that Haider committed what many consider his worst blunder to date: he opposed Austria's entrance into the European Community. Haider told me last May that although the FPO was not opposed in principle to the E.C., its flawed structure could put Austria at a disadvantaged position regarding protection of its scenic ecology and the financial arrangements established by other German-speaking nations.

Haider also dismissed the label "German nationalist," pointing out that in earlier decades the FPO had championed the cause of European union. "At that time," he told me, "we were accused of promoting a new type of *Anschluss*." He described the push toward the E.C. by the two coalition parties as the height of hypocrisy. His own opposition was conditional: he felt the ruling parties had failed to negotiate a deal good enough for Austria.

In June, when the voters startled even professional pollsters by their resounding 70 percent endorsement of the referendum joining Austria to the E.C., the curtain was once again said to have fallen on the political future of the Freedom Party and its leader. Yet the October election revealed Haider's determination to target the disgruntled blue-collar families of Vienna's traditional "Red" neighborhoods, which has absorbed the brunt of multicultural education policies. When the fall vote was tallied, the socialists had lost nearly 8 percent of their base, or 14 parliamentary seats—shrinking to just over a third of the electorate. The Austrian People's Party (OVP), with its core of Catholic middle- and working-class families, surrendered eight seats, dropping their total to 52. The Freedom Party, following close behind, gained nine seats, boosting its total to 42. (The Green Party also showed gains against the ruling coalition parties, adding three seats to its former total of ten.)

What accounts for Haider's success? Certainly he does not follow the traditional right-wing politics of fiscal conservatism and religious zealotry. Nor is

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he in the camp of those who pander to the newly militant ethnic and victim-based constituencies. Rather, Haider and his party stress a politics of cultural cohesion and national pride that aim less for a purely economic European union than for one incorporating both regional and federal systems, a possibility yet to be seriously addressed by the Brussels and Maastricht accords.

Haider possesses leadership qualities not seen in many of the populist leaders in Europe or the United States. Eschewing the paternalistic guidance of a national political lobby of the Perot variety or the crude racial politics of a David Duke (figures to whom he is often compared), Haider is a politician who has yet to be marginalized by either a single issue obsession (his stress on immigration control is merely one of several concerns) or a demand for ideological purity. In Austria, as in other advanced industrial nations, many young adults distrust *all* politicians and want very little to do with any form of establishment patronage, left or right. This still-evolving leader possesses a quick sense of what the people want and an ability to articulate their sentiment effectively in their own language, not in that of the distant elites.

Most annoying to Vienna's "Rinstrasse Elite" is that Jörg Haider is his own man. He relentlessly attacks the ruling coalition while seeming always to be one step ahead of it. What is so disconcerting to opponents—and even to some members of his own party—is that while he proclaims his goal to win the chancellorship of Austria in the next round of elections in 1998, he can, in the interim, very nearly run this nation's politics without any coalition partners.

As Haider quipped when I asked him how long he could play the opposition role: "What do you Americans say? Don't change horses in midstream?" Or, to translate, if you are the most powerful force in a nation, the fact of holding office may be no more than a mere formality, and far less interesting than being the powerful outsider who pulls the strings.

Donald Warren is a political sociologist and author of The Radical Center *(1976). He is currently working on a book about the displaced majority in Europe and America.*

JOURNALISM

Telos and the Populist Right

by Paul Gottfried

The spring 1994 issue of *Telos*, dealing primarily with the European New Right, signaled the drift of this formerly Marxist journal toward the populist right. This change in direction has been increasingly obvious for at least a decade and could be seen in the turning of *Telos* editor Paul Piccone from his New Left activism in the 60's and 70's toward the regionally based populism today of Umberto Bossi and the Italian *Leghe*. For a *Telos* reader, it is clear that Piccone and his senior editors are taking increasingly traditionalist positions, and this fact occasioned an impassioned attack on *Telos* by the leftist *In These Times*. This charge certainly has substance. Piccone's defense of Roman social institutions and of assigned gender roles drove the feminists away from his editorial board (which created an opportunity to add to that body Donald Warren and myself). When I ask Piccone whether he believes in the soundness of the ancient Roman family, he usually shows what I take to be approving smiles.

Piccone does not deny that his politics have changed, but he also insists that he is not an "American conservative." For one thing, he points out that the American right, like the American left, has "collapsed into brain-dead irrelevance." Both serve and belong to the same political class and have learned to "instrumentalize" every form of protest against the disempowerment of families and communities (a project often carried out, ironically, in the name of "empowerment"). Besides, Piccone opines, it is not the postwar conservative movement but the Frankfurt Critical School that provides the key for understanding our political predicaments. *Telos* still turns to German refugee radicals of the 30's, Max Horkheimer and Theoder Adorno, and to Piccone's onetime hero (and the subject of a distinguished biography by him), the Italian Marxist Antonio Gramsci, for its interpretive tools. Such thinkers are invoked to demystify the American managerial state and its accompanying "cultural industry." Neither "conservatives" nor "liberals," Piccone tells us, are willing to confront the fraud of contemporary American "democracy," which has become another name for administrative manipulation. Any attempt to address this problem must first unmask the wielders of power and the hegemonic ideology by which they advance their interests. Americans, Piccone stresses, are too accepting of political control. They mistakenly believe that they run a self-proclaimed democratic state and lack the critical theory for analyzing their captors.

Piccone and his fellow editors, scholar Gary Ulmen and historian of the Italian right Franklin Adler, believe that there are lessons to be learned from the European New Right. Unlike leaders of the postwar American conservative movement, European New Rightists—for example, Gianfranco Miglio and Alain de Benoist—are at the helm of the populist and regionalist protests against the administrative state. Such figures are accentuating the long-lost tie between democracy and the exercise of meaningful self-government; in fact, European New Rightists call for resistance against the seizure of the state by bureaucrats and party bosses by urging their followers not to pay taxes as an act of political revolt. In France, Alain de Benoist, the editor of *Nouvelle Ecole* and a repeated target of attack in *Le Monde*, has drawn a critical distinction between Jacobin "human rights" and "*le droit à la différence*." The first is seen as a strategy for global homogenization through the eradication of cultural and gender distinctions; the second is the right claimed by members of a rooted community to preserve their identity within their own social space.

Disagreement does persist on the European New Right as to whether non-Europeans or those without historical claims to communal identity should be recognized by decentralizing nation-states as legally protected communities. This point may be the distinguishing one, as André Pierre Tagureff notes, between the New Right and the non-Jacobin European left, which seeks to protect the *droit identitaire* of Third World immigrants in Europe. The New Right typically insists on the higher claim of European peoples, at least with-

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in Europe, to communal autonomy. It usually seeks to restrict immigration into regions and nation-states in order to preserve the cultural cohesion necessary for self-government. But the French New Rightist Alain de Benoist, showcased in a recent issue of *Telos*, has moved away from other European New Rightists by calling for the equal protection of all ethnic communities in France. All peoples, Benoist explains, have the same right to communal identity and face the same threat from the modern state and its "human rights-homogenizing ideology."

Though European New Rightists, like the editors of *Telos*, make assertions that beg for further clarification, they do ask probing questions about government that in America are viewed as unsuitable. They criticize the mystique of human rights and the identification of self-government with administrators and party-run elections. They also debate the continued relevance of the nation-state once detached from culturally distinct nations and nonmanufactured popular wills. And they insist that we view our situation historically, without imagining continuities in our regime that are purely procedural or distillations of happy talk.

As a scholar of the postwar conservative movement, I remain impressed by how honest the *Telos* circle and the European New Right are in asking the questions that American Movement Conservatives habitually avoid. Only in America does one become a conservative by begging the state to enforce "human rights" and "democratic values." Everywhere else in the West it is the left that trades freedom for the hegemonic ideology of the ruling class. In Europe the right is applauded when it debates the issues that I see discussed in *Telos*, *Chronicles*, and in dozens of European periodicals. Only in our corrupted nation-state, which is no longer the one conceived in liberty, do the self-avowed traditionalists leave it to former New Leftists and biographers of Antonio Gramsci to hold unauthorized political discussions. Our official right and left, as Piccone quips, are too busy doing real things, like selling and advertising indistinguishable public policies to politicians in the Beltway.

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ECONOMICS

The Economist as Humanist—Wilhelm Roepke

by Ralph E. Ancil

In his book *The Ethics of Rhetoric*, Richard Weaver explains different types of argumentation. The most effective type is the argument from definition, which forces one's attention on values and demands either assent or rejection of those values. In Lincoln's arguments on slavery, to follow Weaver's example, the Negro was either a man or not a man. But if the former, then, by virtue of what the definition entails, he ought not to be a slave. In this way Lincoln pinned his opponent, Stephen A. Douglas, on the horns of an either/or dilemma—to Lincoln's rhetorical advantage.

Much of the national policy debate today also involves trying to avoid being pinned on the horns of a dilemma. For conservatives this means trying to avoid being labeled a "socialist," a supporter of expansive government. As a result, conservative policy positions are significantly influenced by conventional market considerations and by what may be called a "market ideology," the view that assigns a disproportionate role to economics and allows it to take the center stage of public policy concerns.

Clearly, this poses a problem for the *cultural* conservative. While some defenders of culture have smelled a rat here, all too many have felt compelled to adopt the rhetoric, if not always the substance, of the market ideologue's position. Yet even yielding to the rhetoric can be damaging because it makes the conservative play on his opponent's turf. The either-you-are-a-laissez-fairist-or-a-socialist argument divides issues up wrongly. It is a false dilemma. It is as though the laissez-fairist confused chastity with celibacy and so believed its only alternative was promiscuity. That a third alternative exists that retains chastity without celibacy or promiscuity—i.e., marriage—remains inconceivable to him.

Adherence to a "Third Way," which is neither libertarian nor socialist, allowed German economist Wilhelm Roepke to avoid the traps of false dilemmas in the arena of political economy. He accomplished this by observing the sharp distinctions between essentials and incidentals, between the enduring foundations and the variable superstructure deformed by history in considering the nature of the competitive market. He is conservative with respect to the former and radical in jettisoning the latter. What are the essentials? Private property and free markets in the sphere of economics; the personal, the local, and the small—a closeness to nature—in the broader sphere of sociology. The deformities of historical capitalism include: excessively large industries and cities, the "socially blind development of technology," and a general commitment to the "cult of the colossal."

Roepke's basic question is much like Francis Schaeffer's: How should we then live? His answer is that we must decentralize the economy, not just government, and humanize it. That means we have to reform our society according to a human scale rooted in traditional values, which is different from the acceptable content of modern economics. He understood that economics is not only one of means—often an excuse for promoting license and social irresponsibility—but a moral discipline whose practitioners must take account of ends. The economist must recognize the spiritual, moral, inner life of man. Bemoaning the loss of this ability in the social sciences, he writes: "The effects of this process of [moral and intellectual] disintegration have, however, been particularly striking and disastrous in the case of science, for, influenced by inward instability it has increasingly become a prey to the misunderstanding that all opinions whatsoever and all decisions based on concepts of value are incompatible with the dignity of science." Not willing to share in this dereliction of duty, Roepke uses economics and other social sciences to analyze the disease of the West and to offer a therapy.

Regarding the diagnosis, modern society is sick with the cancer of "collectivism," which destroys the social structures of genuine communities. It is an attack on all intermediary levels of authority in favor of direct national (or international) control over otherwise

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structureless masses. *Vermassung*, or "enmassment," is another name for the same process. Families, churches, neighborhoods, local communities, and traditional patterns of work with all their human particularities are undermined in an effort, not always intentional, to produce the faceless, abstract, "free individual."

The cancer appears in many forms. While Roepke spends a great deal of effort tracing the nuances of the disease, it will suffice here to name four shapes it can assume. First, Roepke argues that explosive population growth in the last century so overwhelmed traditional social structures that it was like an avalanche on fertile soil. It was an invasion of hordes which existing institutions could not properly assimilate and enculture. Second, the "socially blind development of technology" destroyed healthier patterns of life and work, replacing them with those of the big cities, urban sprawls, and alienating and unsatisfying occupations. The intermediate cushions of space and time, distance and geographic barrier, are destroyed by modern technology in the name of convenience; the moods of nature are exchanged for those of the market and the big city; emotional stability is exchanged for modern neurosis. Third, the growth of centralized government intrudes more and more into private lives and lower levels of political and communal authority. And fourth, commercialization often encourages an opportunism increasingly devoid of conscience.

This diagnosis sheds light on the needed therapy. A humane economy provides people with economic security and stability through a limited self-sufficiency. Competition and the market, though part of the natural order of human communities, are not their only pillars: "[T]he economic order of a free society presupposes competition only in as far as that economy is a market economy dependent on the division of labor. Competition, therefore, is only one of the pillars on which such an order rests, while the other is self-sufficiency. We are, therefore, free to modify the competitive character of the economy in full harmony with the principles of our economic order, by enlarging the sphere of marketless self-sufficiency. . . . This is a new and important point illustrating the inestimable importance of sustenance faring and the 'rurification' of the industrial proletariat."

Roepke therefore argues for the restoration or expansion of a "peasantry" or "yeomanry" where a large number of men work the land. Others, such as inhabitants of towns and cities, may still grow some of their foodstuffs in garden plots. In this way, a significant volume of economic goods is taken out of a market that is subject to the boom, bust, and fizzle of the business cycle. And people's lives are improved emotionally by closer contact with nature: "A peasant who is unburdened by debt and has an adequate holding is the freest and most independent man among us; neither food problems nor the threat of unemployment need worry him, and the subjection to the moods of nature which he exchanges for that of the market and the business cycle usually ennobles a man instead of embittering him. His life, from whatever angle we view it, is the most satisfying, the richest and the most complete in terms of human needs."

This vision is likely to surprise those who are used to seeing Roepke quoted as the staunch anticommunist, defender of free markets, critic of welfare programs, or technical economist discoursing on interest rates, investments, and foreign trade. It is a testament to the willful blindness of some conservatives that this view of Roepke is little known and seldom quoted. It is not the Roepke they wish to promote. And yet this "peasantry" is at the very heart of Roepke's vision of a humane economy. It is the cornerstone upon which rests the entire structure of the good society. Peasantry understood in the continental sense is the essence of the Third Way, as Roepke himself said.

But peasantry is only a beginning. Beyond this we need to restore and expand the number of small and medium-sized businesses. Small traders and small capitalists help reestablish a humane economy because "they afford a form of life and work which permits a high degree of self-determination, the enjoyment of purposeful work, the warmth of social contact and a well-integrated family life."

Craftsmen and artisans need to become the prime movers of production. But they will need help through public policy initiatives to combat their historical disadvantages. Help will be necessary to establish these more humane industries by directing technical innovations that serve their needs. Such developments depend on extratechnical social aspects such as the specific problems that technical expertise is given to solve. These problems can just as well be those of traditional craftsmen and artisans as those of large corporations.

It will also be necessary to reestablish small communities where the local, the personal, and the neighborly grow organically. Modern market ideologues speak much of the freedom and spontaneity of the market, but true liberty and spontaneity are local, personal, and small. They occur in communities with continuity and tradition and not abstract and anonymous conglomerations of concrete, computers, strip malls, and ever-expanding highways. One cannot have affection, as Richard Weaver reminded us, for that which is always changing. These considerations lead Roepke to focus on the need for optimum sizes of cities and industries and on economic life that is stable and secure. But Roepke is not the pie-eyed romantic. His reasonings are hardheaded, based on solid economic analysis and real-world experiences. He refers to actual examples of people living the kind of life he recommends, the Switzerland of his day serving as a good model.

Modern man's insensitivity toward collectivist evils reflects the level of our barbarity. When we lost the instinctive sense of what to honor and what to condemn, we were well along the road to collectivism—and mere freedom from big government will not restore good health. Roepke understood that the deep reforms needed were religious in nature and points to "the spiritual and moral change indispensable to a lasting improvement." But he also knew that there is a mutual effect between the spiritual and the social, and therefore merely dealing with the one is not enough.

In the early days of the post-World War II conservative movement, the concept of "fusionism" as advanced by Frank Meyer gained some adherents. It shows the intellectual dilemma of the conservative movement when faced with two apparently disparate schemes of political economy. The one emphasizes tradition, culture, the permanent things, and the life of the spirit while the other stresses free markets, trade, individuality, and material property. Fusionism was an effort to put the two together to form a harmonious whole, not just as a front against communism, but as a permanent and coherent way of thinking and living. In Roepke's vision we find such

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harmony not as a result of a welding of two disparate parts but as a natural flowing of its organic nature. Roepke's Third Way is not fusionism, but it does fulfill the needs that fusionists want to satisfy.

But for every benefit there is a cost. For conservatives in general, the harmonious integration of private property and free markets into the vision of the humane economy and culture entails sacrificing some of the secularizing tenets that for one reason or another have crept into their thinking. Foremost among these sacrifices is the myth that free markets never fail except by government interference. Aside from some technical reasons for market failures, Roepke gives a moral explanation for the general tendency of a free market system to fail if based strictly on self-interest and competition: it is not in the interest of any particular participant to remain faithful to the rules of the game. Someone will always yield to the temptation to manipulate public policy in his favor. As if writing for the benefit of public choice advocates, Roepke writes: "But if one tells the various group interest nothing else than that loyal observance of the rules of the competitive price mechanism is in the interest of all and if no strong moral forces are at the same time working to curb their appetites, one must not be surprised by the disappointing results."

A second sacrifice is the myth that technology and material "growth" are always consistent with traditional values. Roepke deplores as "disastrous" the "blindness and even the smugness with which one gave free rein to an industrial development, which, with sovereign disdain for the vital instincts of man and for his most elementary spiritual needs has, thanks to the forms of life and work in the industrial giant cities, reduced the existence of the masses to something completely unnatural." Nor is it likely that computers and videos will improve things.

Human nature can not bear a pattern of life driven solely by supply and demand, market and technology, for the cost is too high: "The sum total of the material goods at our disposal may increase through this process, and the often cited living standard may reach those heights which intoxicate a naive social philosophy, but at the same time this leads to a rapid diminution of the sum of that immeasurable and inexpressible simple happiness which men feel in doing satisfying work and leading purposeful lives." And only through a proper balance of private property, competitive markets within small and stable communities, and a wide distribution of productive land ownership did Roepke believe basic happiness could be restored. This is clearly similar in important ways to the Southern Agrarians and Chestertonian Distributists.

Ultimately, Roepke asks: Does a humane social and economic order require a predominantly agrarian culture? Can character, honor, moral decency, etc., be uprooted from their native soil and flourish in the modern megalopolis? Roepke's answer is clear. He shares the deep-rooted experience and ancient wisdom extending from Xenophon, Horace, and Aristotle to Thomas Jefferson, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and all others who agree that the relation of "culture" to "agriculture" is not a merely philological one. A true culture has a physiognomy of social and economic particularities that cannot be changed willy-nilly without adverse effects.

Those modern, mainstream economists who disagree suffer from what Roepke called "techno-scientific rationalism." They implicitly treat values and virtues the way economists treat supply and demand and a few other variables: these are subjected to a simplifying method, excessively formalized and abstract, which removes them from the particularities of real-world connections and foundations. Other important dimensions are lost as well. For example, Roepke differed from modern mainstream economists in insisting that agriculture is not simply an industry just like any other. Anyone who "restricts his thinking to the rational and technical field of the agricultural engineer and concentrates on artificial fertilizer, tractors and maximum yield, is bound to pass blindly by the sociological problem posed here." He realized that there are special problems peculiar to agriculture that have always made it the problem child of modern capitalism.

Economics wrongly extends this concept of interchangeability and substitutionism to include any number of social structures, habits, or patterns of living. It is a kind of professional promiscuity that treats its subject matter like those therapists who discuss human sexuality in purely clinical terms while leaving out the moral, the spiritual, and the poetic, so that, abstractly speaking, it makes no difference which partner is doing what with whom. For this reason, Roepke—the scion of generations of German country physicians—speaks of society not as a machine with interchangeable parts but as an organic whole with a distinctive morphology and biology.

It is this sin of substitutionism, aided and abetted by science and technology, which, first applied to farming, later spread like weeds to other objects of economic interest. It makes a difference whether the Sabbath is treated like any other day of the week; it makes a difference who is the primary breadwinner in the family; it makes a difference whether parents or daycare centers take care of children. These are not interchangeable substitutes. But the doctrine of substitutionism in economic theory and in political practice contributed to opening the floodgates of commercialization from which nothing is safe, neither the Sabbath nor the human body, to which unspeakable savageries are now performed in the name of reproductive science. This is the essence of the inhumane that creeps in through capitalism and a free market as well as through big government or communism. Wilhelm Roepke's humane economics deliver us from such evils.

Ralph E. Ancil is president of the Wilhelm Roepke Institute in Kensington, Maryland.

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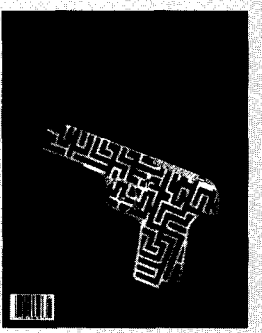

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LETTERS

Remembering Cleanth Brooks

by William Mills

Cleanth Brooks, one of the giants of literary criticism, died last May 10. He was 87 years old. He taught thousands of us how to read a poem or a story. Some he taught over a half-century by way of the classroom, some in his numerous public lectures across this country and abroad, and many of us through his textbooks. I am thinking particularly of *Understanding Poetry* and *Understanding Fiction* (both written with Robert Penn Warren). These were the texts of choice in the 1950's and 60's, and as we prepared our lessons and answered the questions posed at the end of each selection, we all became "New Critics."

Brooks was a native of Murray, Kentucky, and graduated from Vanderbilt and Tulane. It was at Vanderbilt that he first became involved with the writers and critics later known as the New Critics, a group that included Warren, Allen Tate, and John Crowe Ransom. In 1935, at Louisiana State University, he and Warren established the *Southern Review*, one of the most distinguished literary magazines of its time. He published *Modern Poetry and the Tradition* (1939) during his tenure at LSU and the equally important *The Well Wrought Urn: Studies in the Structure of Poetry* (1947) during his first year at Yale. These books, in addition to the textbooks, produced a cultural revolution in literature.

Brooks' approach to literature was a reaction to the criticism exemplified by the following passage from a popular textbook of the 1930's: "The song of the nightingale [in Keats' "Ode"] brings sadness and exhilaration to the poet and makes him long to be lifted up and away from the limitations of life. The seventh stanza is particularly beautiful." Brooks argued that if the poem is worth teaching at all, it is as a poem. He never argued that the poet's intention, the reader's response, or the historical context of the poem were not useful for criticism. He simply believed they did not have the same importance as the poem itself.

As the new lions and lionesses of the criticism of the 1970's and 80's roared onto the literary savannah, several responses occurred. One was a willful distortion of what Brooks had written, namely, that only the text was important. Another response was what Warren referred to as "Frenchified" criticism. Structuralists argue that language is an arbitrary system committed to *no* reference to reality, and without cognitive value. Thus, a sign before a curve saying "Bridge Out" has the same value as a sign in the same place that says on the same occasion, "Speed, 55 miles an hour." As one American editor of structuralist essays remarks, "there is no a priori reason to believe that the system of signs in *Superman* is any less coherent than in *King Lear*. Values are a function of ideologies." While the structuralists were searching about for the "deep" structure beneath language and social customs, the French deconstructionists went them one better and deconstructed the "deep" structure. But both agreed that literature deals with *nothing* outside itself. Thus, the sign saying "Bridge Out" is . . . well, you see the point. As Brooks observed during the Brick Lectures at the University of Missouri in Columbia, "The consequences of any such conception of literature seem to me to be devastating to any concept of its humanistic value."

I might add that on a level of pure survival, people who ignore or misinterpret "road signs" do not endure or prevail. Those who persistently get it wrong do not pass on their genes to offspring free to espouse such skepticism or solipsism in another generation, which might bring up Foucault, but I shall forebear.

Several years ago, while my wife and I lived in Baton Rouge, we had occasion to invite Mr. Brooks to dinner, along with Lewis and Mimi Simpson (Lewis being one of the editors of the revived *Southern Review*). I was bemoaning the general condition of English departments, critical theory, and the decline of America. I recall that Brooks was as disturbed as I was about the pervasiveness of relativism in recent critical theories. Yet his courtliness, his bearing as a gentleman, reminded me and reminds me still that the proper thing was not to despair, but to stand firm. He was categorically different from the "power" critics and literary gangsters of today.

Our next meeting was a melancholy one. His beloved wife "Tinkum" had died, and he had brought her from New Haven to Baton Rouge for burial. While my wife and I said what words we could, he was on the lookout for the arrival of the Anglican rector who would conduct the service. He wanted to be sure the rector used the 1928 prayer book. Seated by Tinkum's grave near the end of the service, Brooks tapped his foot to a Renaissance song being played by his niece and nephew, which quietly yet emphatically affirmed the rhythms of this world and the next. Many shall miss Cleanth Brooks—his company, his conversation. But for those of us who were his students in one sense or another, he remains a powerful presence.

William Mills is the editor of John Corrington: Southern Man of Letters *(UCA Press, Conway, Arkansas).*

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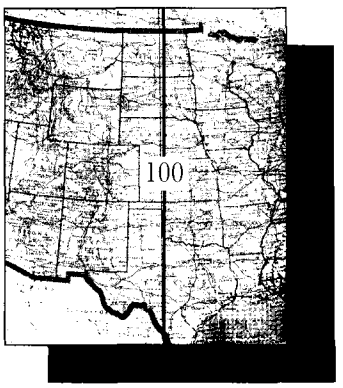
Enclosure



Late in the afternoon of the day before the final day of elk season I parked the truck and trailer above Blue Jay Creek north of Krall's ranch and rode into the mountains against a cold wind and the lowering sun.

In spite of having been kicked on the cannon bone in her off rear leg four weeks earlier the mare stepped out briskly, breasting Absaroka Ridge with enthusiasm; we carried with us only the tent, the two hatchets, extra clothes, and canned food in the packs, my bedroll, the gallon canteen, and the rifle in its leather scabbard. My face was stiff from cold before we reached the first aspen stand, but within the trees the air was gray and still. Twice we had to detour around logs, and when we broke onto the treeless shoulder the wind barreling down Clear Creek canyon struck us head-on with chilling force. Deflected from the western aspect of the ridge it tipped the mare sideways above the 50-degree slope, causing me to flatten myself over the bedroll and the mane to lower our center of resistance. Where the trail converged with the creek we found a gut sack lying with the severed head of a cow elk, apparently undisturbed by bears. I dismounted anyway to look for sign before riding on up the draw to the forested saddle and taking the trail farther west toward Commissary Ridge. My plan to make Spruce Creek and fix camp by dark was thwarted by our late departure; before we reached the switchbacks and the long descent into Bear Hole Creek the sun was down and the light fading fast. I built a fire a few feet off the trail in the shelter of tall pines and in its glare, with the aid of a flashlight, pitched the tent and unpacked the cook pans. Starting to unsaddle the mare I recalled the difficulties in saddling up in the morning dark, and loosened the latigo instead.

No lights showed at Krall's far below us, but the sky was thick with stars. I went for the bottle and had taken a couple of pulls of Jim Beam when the mare, snubbed to a small tree several yards away, pointed her muzzle at the darkness and stared. I walked over, placed my hand on her neck, and felt her tremble like a racehorse. A bear is said to have summered on Clear Creek this year. I built up the fire, spun a shell under the hammer of the single-action .41 Magnum and belted on the holster, and stood by the mare while she traced with her nose the bear's progress as it moved out of the timber, across the trail, and down the steep sidehill into the ravine to water. When she quit shaking I opened a can of beef stew and set it in a pot on the fire, taking care not to let the gravy burn and removing the pot from the fire before the stew grew redolent. I had finished my lukewarm supper and cleaned the pot thoroughly with the end of a pine bough and boiling water when the mare began to back and stamp on the rope and toss her head. I stood by her reassuringly again while, shuddering, she followed the bear scent from the bottom up to the crest of the timbered ridge. Then I snubbed her short for the night, put away the bottle, threw more logs on the fire, crawled inside the tent, and fell asleep in the leaping glow of the flames through the nylon panels.

At five the new moon rode at center sky and the water in the canteen was frozen solid. I pulled on my boots and coat, slipped the rifle into the scabbard under the saddleskirt, and led the mare through the black forest down the trail toward Bear Hole, going step by step into daylight. In the bottom I mounted and rode on through the cold blue dusk to South Fork, where we spooked a large-bodied buck with a heavy rack which had been drinking from a pool behind a beaver dam. The tops of the sugarloaf hills within the basin went from pink to yellow, but nothing moved on the sagebrush slopes or among the standing pine trees and polished snags. At Spruce Creek I reined in and sat the mare, letting her graze while I turned in the saddle to survey the sidehills. From a steep park directly behind us and above, a cow elk stared with forward ears. With her were two more cows and a couple of calves. At the edge of the park a set of hindquarters, heavy and bull-colored, protruded from behind a tree.

I dismounted, drew the rifle from the scabbard, and looked around. Taking the daypack from the saddlehorn, I placed it on a small sagebrush while the cow continued to study us. I got on my belly behind the pack and laid the rifle across it. The range was between 700 and 800 yards, the vertical inclination about 300 feet. The quarters shifted to reveal a deep bullish body and a dark shagged neck, but distance and the quality of the light made it impossible to discern antlers as the cows milled and the herd drifted toward the timber. The bull turned, exposing a double row of tines. I put the reticule two and a half animal bodies above the heart-lung area, drew breath, and at that instant a cow stepped directly behind him on her way into the trees. Then they were all gone, headed to bed down for the morning nap. We rode out of Bear Hole in a lashing wind under a sky no longer clear but streaming with frozen stratus clouds beneath pewter lenticulars haloed in yellow, stopping only to pack up camp on our way out. The snow began falling after dark, and at sunrise next day, the first of November, the mountains were starkly visible from town like a line of white tents on the horizon.

From the beginning of November well into December the winter storms roll inland from the Pacific Northwest almost without pause, one trough following another so closely that it is often impossible to distinguish between them. The diving barometer foretells the appearance in the west of a dark shelf that expands, pales, and softens as it approaches like clouds of spun glass, blotting the landforms. Mountains, hills, and gulleys vanish, together with trees, houses, the highway and blizzard posts. The wind shrieks, the snowflakes whirl

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compactly as activated grains of beach sand, and the cold drives with the force of an ice ax. When the storm moves out it leaves behind a landscape as white and glaring as the Antarctic beneath an ozone sky, with only the feathered tips of the tallest sagebrush showing. Winter is the sole defense a brave country knows.

In winter, when the only tourists are the skiers and ranchers have little to do but pitch hay from sleds and wagons to the stock and repair equipment, the sphere of human activity narrows to home improvement, enhancing family values, ice fishing, snow-machining, and schnappes-drinking, not necessarily in that order. Some years ago Fred Chambers, feeling restless, contracted to have a water-well drilled on the 40-acre parcel he had bought the previous fall on Twin Creek ten miles west of Kemmerer. Every day from November through March Fred drove out from town to sit in the cab of his truck on muddy, then frozen, ground, holding down his 40 acres like a brick on a piece of carpet or spread of newspaper while he drank coffee, smoked filterless cigarettes, and waited for spring, with nothing better to look forward to in the meantime than my arrival late in the afternoon to help him carry water to our several head of horses in the corrals. When we had fed and watered, the two of us sat until dark in Fred's truck with binoculars on the seat between us and the rifles muzzle-down on the floor of the cab, while Fred smoked and we conversed between taking shots at the cottontail rabbits as they emerged from the willows along Twin Creek. Fred, an engineer prematurely retired on a disability pension after falling from the smokestack of the Utah Power & Light plant south of town, is a native of Tennessee, though he has lived in the West for most of his adult life. As a young man he had a car, a girl, and a still back in the woods in the eastern part of the state. With the girl's help, Fred would load the bottles into the backseat of the car and throw a coat over them. Next he adjusted the headlights downward from marks he had made on the door of a barn, until the angle of shine corrected for the angle of the car body tipped back on the chassis. Finally Fred and the girl started out through the dark forest among the lurking revenue agents. The girl, he explained, had two basic functions, the second of them being to heave the bottles out of the car at Fred's command. One day his mother asked him, "Fred? Do you know a man by the name of Bill Tinker?" "Sure do." "Well, he says it would be a good thing for you if he don't see you around eastern Tennessee for a real long time." So Fred told his parents, "It looks like it's time for me to migrate," and headed for northern Alabama. (The girl was claiming pregnancy anyway.) On account of Fred's back and in the absence of a dog I acted as retriever, but Fred always supplied the hot coffee. We cleaned the rabbits in the truck, tossing the guts from the windows and picking out the fleas and snapping them away between thumb and forefinger. One afternoon, seeing a cow moose and calf in the willows, Fred discovered the need to learn how a moose reacts when you fire a shotgun into the air at a distance of twenty-five paces from her across a fence. He found out when she jumped the wire and went after him, and I knew how Ichabod Crane looked floundering uphill in two and a half feet of snow brandishing an antique shotgun above his head.

When we had finished breaking a couple of horses by riding them into snowdrifts and goading them to frantic attempts at bucking, Fred was bored and ready to spend $12,000 on a well. He hired a driller from Bridger Valley who dragged up a single-axle camper trailer beside the drilling rig for himself and his wife Laurie, his assistant Jim and Jim's Ruth, and two small boys to live in while they punched the well. Fred said the driller, whose name was Bob Stocks, was an Arapahoe and that they were all of them Indians, though Ruth was blonde and admitted to having been a Mormon, once. The trailer was ten feet by seven, with bunk beds at one end and a truck seat across the other, and between them on the ruined linoleum floor a gas stove and an electric heater to thaw the frozen truck and generator batteries. A length of wire holding the door shut slumped over the heater and burned the hand of anyone who went in or out of the trailer. While Fred sat in his Stetson and his sheepskin coat drinking scalding coffee from a water glass, the boys played cars in the top bunk and the women lounged in their soiled thermal underwear as they smoked cigarettes and brewed hot tea with sugar on the stove. It was January and forty-five below zero at night; the evening before when the bottled gas ran out the temperature in the trailer had dropped to twenty degrees. The trucks froze up, and Bob and Jim built fires of hay and wood beneath the engine blocks to thaw them. Work proceeded intermittently between freezeups: the men would drill three days, then sit for two. Yesterday they reached 120 feet without hitting groundwater and halted to wait for Fred to instruct them. "She's a bitch," the driller told Fred. Though he stopped short of recommending that they drill to artesian water at 300 feet, Bob said privately to me, "There ain't a thing else we can do." Fred's mood grew grimmer each day until after three weeks the well was at 212 feet, when a cave-in occurred and Bob and Jim had to ream out eighty-odd feet of clay. The trailer stood surrounded by a field of empty oilcans and frozen twists of human excrement, and grease and oil had seeped into every corner of it; the floor was slippery with clay and melted snow. "I tell you what boy," Bob Stocks said, "I'm a fascist in a lot of things, but I'm against this g--damn police state we got here. I tell you boy, if I saw you poach a deer over there on that hill, I'd come over and hep you skin him out. You're from Wyoming—you *belong* here! I hate them g--damn game wardens, dirty sonsabitches. Ever since them bastards has got to carry guns—I tell you boy, it's illegal and unconstitutional when them bastards has a right to shoot you and you ain't got the right to protect yourself. I tell you what: I believe in game protection, but the people—the people of Wyoming—can take care of her." Together Fred and I went out into the clear and open night where the moon laid a luminous shine over the land, the buttes and mesas glowing on the cobalt sky and the platinum valleys running smoothly to them as if on their own momentum.

By February if not before the mountains of October are a distant memory and summer an ephemeral dream. I try to recall the horseback ride into Gannett Peak in the Wind River Range last June: up the switchbacks from Torrey Lake south of Dubois to Arrow Mountain and across a seven-mile expanse of torrs and wildflowers; down into the deep forested canyon cut by Dinwoody Creek and along its rushing waters, jade-colored from their burden of glacial flour; past the oxbows and gravel bars strewn with the skeletons of flood-uprooted trees to the sweaty granitic base of the peak itself, mantled with glaciers fractured by ragged crevasses. Time now to visit Jim Rauen in New Mexico again. c

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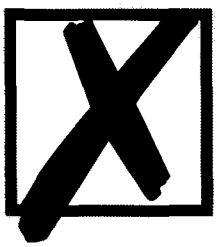

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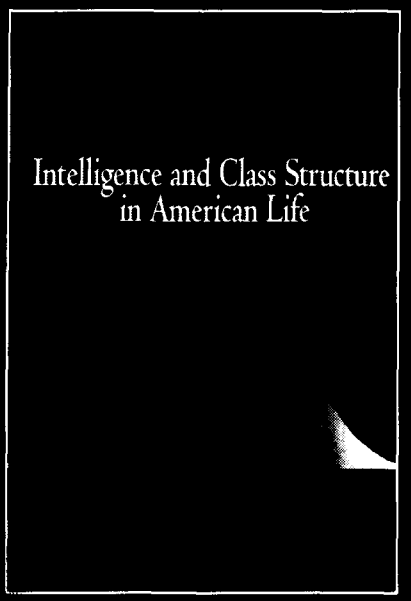

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